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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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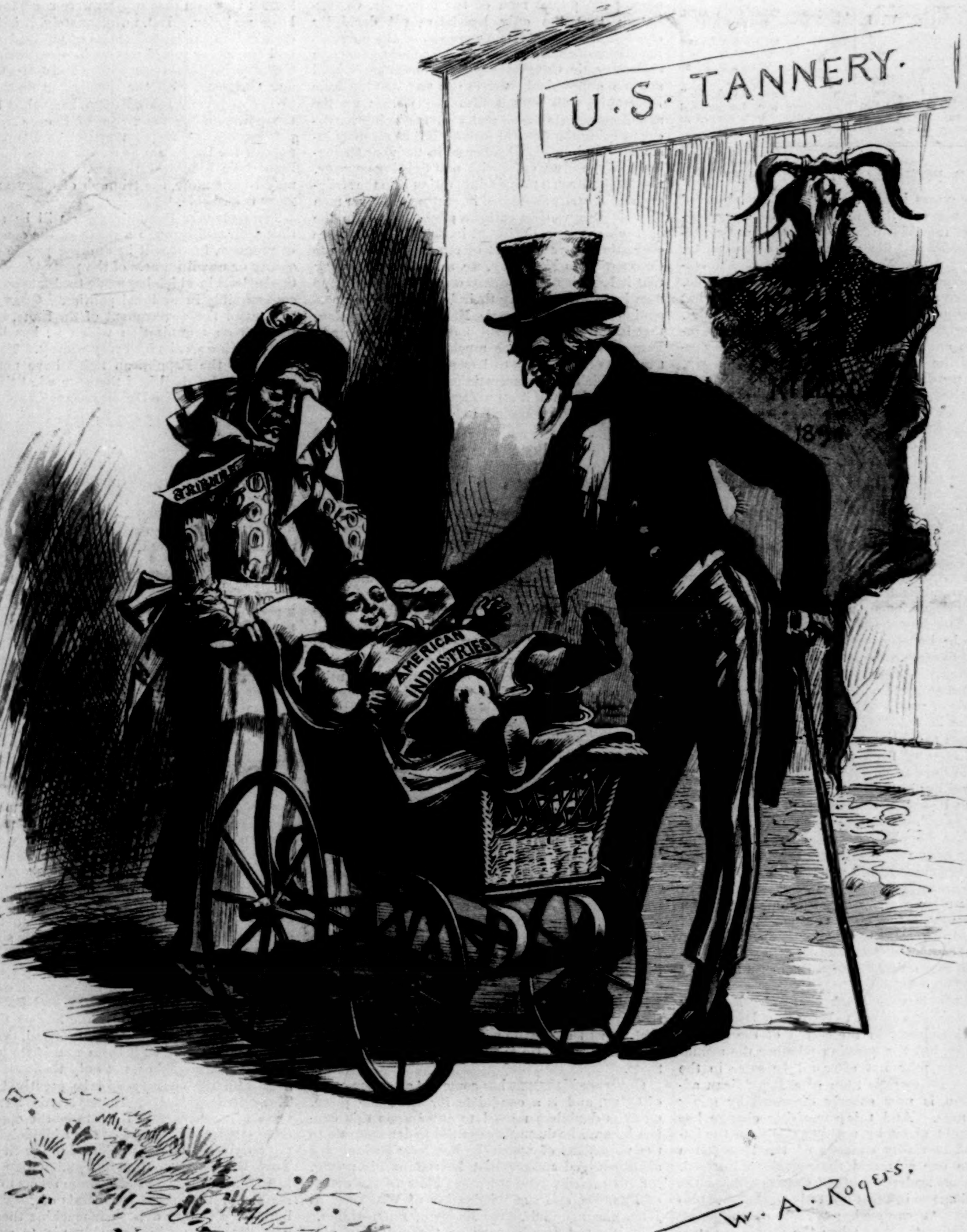
U·S·TANNERY·
18
TRIBUNE
AMERICAN INDUSTRIES
W. A. Rogers.

A CALAMITY-HOWLER WHO WILL NOT BE COMFORTED.

NURSE REID. "Oh, Sir, he is a Skelington alongside of what he'd 'a' been if the McKinley Cow had lived."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 20, 1895.

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## THE POWER OF LEADERSHIP.

OF late years it has frequently been observed that there is this remarkable difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties: the rank and file of the Republican party, particularly in the Northern States, is said to embody a majority of the more intelligent, well-to-do, and "virtuous" elements of the population; but its leadership is pusillanimous, selfish, and tricky. The Democratic party, on the other hand, may, indeed, have among its rank and file a larger proportion of the less desirable elements of society, but its controlling leadership is far more honest, public-spirited, and courageous, and therefore more efficient. This observation applies with especial force to the Republican party since what we may in general term call "Blaineism" became the ruling spirit in the organization, and to the Democratic party since Mr. CLEVELAND rose in it to a position of predominating influence. And never has this constitutional difference between the two parties been more strikingly evident and more instructive than at the present time, while the silver question is the problem of the day.

Not many weeks ago we saw the silver craze sweeping over the South and West like an irresistible hurricane, apparently carrying everything with it. The Democratic party in those regions seemed to be hopelessly given over to the tender mercies of the free-coinage men, and the more sanguine among the fanatics hoped even to get control of the organization in the North and East too. The friends of sound money, even many of those who so far had stoutly stood by the Democratic party, began to make up their minds that to preserve the country from the free-coinage disaster they would have to depend upon the conservative spirit prevailing in the Republican ranks, and that at the next Presidential election, in the absence of a specific sound-money ticket, they would have to vote for the Republican candidates. Indeed, no party ever had a more assured prospect of success than the Republican, and never within our memory did the result of a coming Presidential election seem to be more completely a foregone conclusion twenty months before election-time. To speak of the possibility of a Democratic victory sounded like ridiculous bluster, and it may be said without exaggeration that no cool-headed Democrat seriously thought of such a thing.

To-day this is very much changed. Not only has public opinion ceased to regard the Democratic party as hopelessly in the clutch of the free-silver fanatics, but the question whether the sound-money cause may not after all be safer in the hands of a Democratic than of a Republican administration is now soberly discussed by many sensible men. And this surprising change has been brought about by nothing else than the imbecile and cowardly conduct of the Republican leaders on one side, and the sagacious, intrepid, and vigorous leadership of Mr. CLEVELAND on the other. Courage inspires not only respect, but also confidence. Cowardice begets not only contempt, but also distrust. And when the people see such men as MCKINLEY, HARRISON, REED—in fact, every Presidential possibility in the Republican party—carefully dodge every public occasion on which an expression of their views on the silver question may be demanded, or, whenever those great personages do venture upon an utterance, express themselves in vague and ambiguous phrase—when the people see this they instinctively remember that the same kind of faint-hearted and tricky Republican leadership brought upon the country the ALLISON law and the SHERMAN law—in fact, all those measures intended to hold the silver-mining States in the Republican column—which resulted in so much disaster. They also conclude that the same Republican partisan selfishness which, in spite of the good character of the Republican rank and file, has thus so often betrayed the sound money cause will, to judge from the present conduct of Republican leaders, by no means be unlikely to do so again.

On the other hand, people remember that although the silver heresy may have been much stronger among the Democrats than among the Republicans, the former in 1892 nominated and elected to the Presidency the most outspoken, determined, and aggressive champion of sound money among the public men of the time—Mr. CLEVELAND; that the only legislative act decidedly checking the silver tide, the repeal of the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN law, was pushed through a Democratic Congress by Mr. CLEVELAND'S bold and uncompromising leadership; and that the same leadership, with defiant firmness holding up the sound-money standard, and with a ringing battle-cry rallying the faithful around it, has recently inspired sound-money Democrats in the very strongholds of the silver craze with new fighting courage, resolutely thrown the administration into the struggle, and actually succeeded in beating the silver men in what may well be called a pitched battle in the enemy's country. Without in the slightest degree overestimating the result of the Democratic State Convention in Kentucky, we may confidently say that it has very much discouraged the free-coinage men by utterly dashing their hope of getting possession of the Democratic National Convention, that it will make further sound-money successes in Democratic conventions much easier, and that it thus bids fair greatly to lessen the public distrust under which the Democratic party has been laboring, and to open to it an unexpected chance of success in the coming national election.

Will not the Republican leaders understand the lesson taught by this remarkable experience? They deceive themselves when they talk of eliminating the money question from the issues of the coming campaign by rushing the tariff question again to the front. They should remember that as the business situation improves, those who stir up the tariff question will suffer as disturbers of returning prosperity. It is indeed in their power to prevent the money question from becoming the leading issue. But they can do so only in one way—not by straddling or equivocating or dodging, but by boldly taking as clear and determined a position as the Democratic leader, Mr. CLEVELAND, has taken. In that case the money question would be virtually decided before the Presidential campaign begins. Unless the Republican leaders act thus, their party will be at a disadvantage; and if its chances, which but yesterday appeared so splendid, are frittered away by pusillanimous trimming, it will be because the Republican leaders are not only cowards, but also fools.

## THE WAR AGAINST QUAY'S MACHINE.

THE contest that is going on in Pennsylvania for the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee is exciting interest among all who concern themselves about party politics. Senator QUAY has announced himself as a candidate for the place, and he is taking all the steps that he regards as essential to the accomplishment of his object. The method of his campaign is peculiar to the modern boss system. He has issued an order in the form of a circular to the county heads of his machine. He tells them that he wants the votes of their respective committee members, and suggestively adds that he will see (settle with?) them when the convention meets. He is also making a tour of the State.

Governor HASTINGS has come out as an opponent of QUAY, and is a candidate for the same place. QUAY is doubtless moved to enter upon this contest because he deems it essential to demonstrate to the politicians of whom he has been so long the acknowledged master that he retains his power, for his prestige received a sad blow in the defeat of PENROSE and the nomination of WARWICK as Republican candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia.

It is a sad commentary on the condition of a great party that QUAY'S success is not only possible, but probable. He and his foolish colleague in the United States Senate are in issue. Both believe, apparently, that rascality is the most effective force in politics, and that the best way to win the votes of American citizens is through corruption. In addition, CAMERON has made a bid for a nomination for President in 1896 on a free-silver platform. The Republicans of Pennsylvania are on trial. They are to choose between a thoroughly bad man, who discredits their State in the Federal Senate, and his enemies. And in preferring this bad man, who shares with Senators MURPHY and HILL the odium of being the most unworthy members of that not very creditable body, they must endorse his colleague, who is in favor of the free coinage of silver, and who is willing to take the Populist nomination for President on a free-coinage platform. It would seem as though the Republicans of Pennsylvania who are opposed to rascality and free silver ought to be in the majority, and if the vote were to be taken on the abstract propositions, the probability is that this would be found to be the case. A few days ago the Union League Club of Philadelphia did vote on the silver question, and Senator CAMERON'S views on that subject were condemned by a large majority. But, unfortunately, it is far from certain that the embodiments of political rascality and free silver would receive the treatment that is meted out to the abstract theory and system. QUAY and CAMERON, with the Republican machine and plenty of money behind them, have thus far been too powerful for the virtue of Pennsylvania Republicanism, or, for that matter, of Pennsylvania politics, for Democrats as well as Republicans have been their humble followers. Disgraceful as it may be, therefore, the triumph of QUAY and CAMERON is probable.

Pennsylvania Republicanism will be still further disgraced by such a result of the contest now in progress, for it will be another proof of the inability or unwillingness of the party to rid itself of the leadership which has made the State odious and contemptible in national politics. QUAY appears to control the government of the State, however, through an organization which he has built up. His machine speaks for every county. The people who vote the Republican ticket have nothing to say as to who shall lead them, or what their principles shall be. The Union League Club of Philadelphia may resolve against silver from now until the crack of doom, but, if the machine desire, it will send CAMERON back to the Senate to vote for free coinage unless a revolution can be stirred up among Pennsylvania Republicans. If QUAY and CAMERON are to be defeated, therefore, their machine must be smashed, and that is what the triumph of HASTINGS in the contest for the chairmanship of the State Committee ought to mean.

As we have said, judging from its past history, the Republican party of the State is not likely to throw off its bonds. It may be granted that a large majority of the party despise QUAY and his methods, but he controls the organization. His creatures run the primaries and count the votes. In this respect the Pennsylvania Republicans are unfortunate, but they are not singular. Not to go farther away than the neighboring State for an illustration of this, both the Democrats and Republicans of New York are under a rule quite as autocratic and as mean as that of QUAY. HILL and MURPHY and PLATT are in control of their parties, and the first two are Senators at Washington through the arts that have resulted in the domination of QUAY and CAMERON. The Democrats of New York especially are not a whit better off than the Republicans of Pennsylvania. They are quite as servile, and their masters are quite as contemptible. They also have nothing to say concerning the policy or control of their organization. Their machine is as arbitrary and as powerful as QUAY'S, and their bosses are as discreditable to the State and the party as the men who are now struggling to retain their control in Pennsylvania.

The difference is that in Pennsylvania some Republicans have been found with enough courage to make a contest to deprive QUAY and CAMERON of their leadership. Whether the leaders of the revolt are moved by conscience or greed, the men of conscience will be with them, and if the defeat of QUAY is accomplished, not only the party, but the State and the country will be greatly benefited. These Republicans of Pennsylvania have seized upon what appears to them to be the opportunity offered by the defeat of QUAY in Philadelphia. But not only was Tammany defeated in the city of New York, but the HILL-MURPHY combination was wofully beaten in the State. There seems to be more reason for the decent Democrats of New York to hope for a victory over their machine than for decent Republicans in Pennsylvania to expect the defeat of theirs. But as yet there is no sign in this State that anything is to be done by organized Democratic effort to wipe out the disgrace of HILL and MURPHY. Therefore the struggle between HASTINGS and QUAY is of great interest and importance to New York. It will be watched to the end with anxiety by good citizens of all parties, for if the tremendous power of Quay, and that of his army of corrupt agencies, can be broken, there is reason to believe that the New York machines can also be smashed, and that machine power everywhere is at the mercy of right-thinking citizens whenever they see fit to arouse themselves and assert the power they undoubtedly possess, for it is the truth beyond question that the Quays, Camerons, Hills, Platts, and Murphys of this land are simply the creatures of that fetich of modern partisanship called regularity — a deity which is maintained by bad men for the same reason that the politicians of Rome stimulated faith in the augurs. They have no illusions themselves about the sanctity of regularity, but they compel the good men to believe in it because it is the foundation and the life principle of their machine. If party men who are also good citizens once make up their minds that virtue and principle are to be placed before regularity, there will soon be an end of the machine and its bosses.

## LAWLESSNESS.

The other day there was a lynching in Jefferson Parish, near New Orleans. In some respects it was unlike the usual affair of this kind. According to the New Orleans *Picayune*, from which we learn the facts, and whose judicious and temperate comment cannot be too highly commended, a gang of desperadoes had long infested Jefferson Parish. They had committed violent assaults; they had burned houses; and they had been charged with other crimes. They had always escaped punishment, although they were known. They sometimes committed their outrages and crimes on the border of the city, just without the jurisdiction of the city police, and the authorities of the rural community seemed either to fear them or to be in collusion with them. At all events they did not punish them. Finally their doings on a certain Sunday became unbearable, and the solid and sober citizens took the law into their own hands, banded themselves together, set out to find the outlaws, and apprehended and hanged one of them. The victim was white.

Here was a state of lawlessness more deplorable than any that we have recently read of as existing in Georgia or South Carolina. In those States the breaches of the peace have been the results of quarrels between ruffians and outcasts, white and black. Sometimes the fighting has taken place between whites and blacks, and then it has been falsely ascribed to a race war. But this affair in Louisiana arose from the impotence or corruption of the authorities of the law, who permitted law-breakers to terrify, and practically to rule, the community. Not many years ago such a state of things existed in Cincinnati. The decent citizens there rose against the criminals who were protected by the officers of the law, but the lawless soon captured the mob of good people, joined with them in a carnival of crime, and finally burned the court-house.

The *Picayune*, in speaking of the affair in Jefferson Parish, said, "It should not be strange that there is a growing contempt for law and its methods." It is to be hoped that contempt for the law is not a growing characteristic of the American citizen, for contempt for the law in this country is contempt for order, government, for all that is essential to the well-being of the republic. When contempt for the law becomes general, then we shall have everywhere such anarchy as prevailed in Jefferson Parish, where the administration of the law was seized by a mob. This, of course, makes the law contemptible for a time, but the remedy is in the hands of the people, who may elect to office men having regard for their duties and respect for their oath of office.

But what shall be said in favor of men in high places in what we regard as this favored community, whose citizens do not yield to the temptation of taking the administration of the law by force from duly elected authorities who become partners and accomplices of criminals—what shall be said of men in high places in such a community who openly urge sworn officers not to enforce the law, and who join in a general clamor against them when they do enforce it? It does not make any difference whether the law is unpopular or unjust or otherwise, or whether or not it was enacted not to be enforced, but to be a basis for blackmailing. It is the law, and a refusal to enforce any law is an assault upon all law, and therefore upon the sovereignty which governs through law.

In what respect, then, except in degree, are the men who insist that the Police Commissioners shall disobey the law, and violate their oaths, superior in morals to the "good citizens" who hanged the outlaw in Jefferson Parish because the authorities would not or dared not punish him?

## SCHOLARSHIP AND BRAWN.

The other day while the journals of this country were filled with the news of the athletic contests going on between our various colleges, and the wrangling concerning them, while the cheers which followed the Cornell crew down the harbor had not yet died out, the English papers were printing the portraits of the young men who had won the Senior wranglerships and other scholastic honors in their great universities.

It may not be wise or timely or sportsmanlike to suggest that men with trained minds ought to play a larger part in the world's economy than sprinters, jumpers, oarsmen, and ball-players, but it may not be taken amiss if we say that in giving recognition to the young men who win scholastic honors the English papers are not wholly wrong. Certainly most of the students of a university are there for the improvement of their minds, and the ostensible object of a university is teaching. While it is true that the superiority of an institution of learning in athletic competition is supposed to be an inducement to young men to enter it, Mr. Martin showed in the last issue of the Weekly that Harvard had flourished in spite of its defeats. We quote this only to sustain our position that intellectual achievements are of some importance in the college world, and that all that is going on there is not reported in the sporting columns of the newspapers.

At the same time the great amount of discussion, noisy and voluminous though it may appear to be, will not be without a good effect. Athletics have been too prominent in some youthful minds that ought to be gaining other kinds of knowledge than that contained between the covers of sporting annuals. Whatever, then, tends to stimulate general thought on the subject, restraint, reflection that the gymnasium is not more important than the class-room, is likely to bring forth good fruit.

The sound of the modern college challenge, and the tone of the modern inter-collegiate discussion, are beginning to resemble too much the swagger of professionalism. A little more of this spirit, and these manners would put an end to inter-collegiate sport altogether. And this would be regrettable. The body of the young American of to-day has been vastly bettered by the athletic contests in which he has engaged as a student. The stimulation which inter-collegiate contests have afforded to physical exercise has been so marked that the physical condition of the whole body of students has been greatly improved. Rather than have inter-collegiate contests abandoned, we would have them extended, but they must become once more the recreation of amateur gentlemen, or they must be abandoned. There is a tendency to make the track, the ball-field, and the boat-house the school of professionalism. Manners ought to be and are softened by generous rivalry, and manliness and self-respect are thereby increased. Properly conducted contests develop character as well as muscle, and there is no reason why the danger that threatens should not be averted before the inter-collegiate games bring about that boastfulness and that trickery which inevitably characterize professionalism, and that thoroughly unsportsmanlike feeling which puts the prize of victory above the pleasure of a fair contention for it.

But all this good cannot be gained unless the athlete is taken down from his pedestal and put upon a level with his fellow-students. When he goes out into the world, if he has been an athlete and nothing else in college, he finds that many a classmate whose name was never in the newspapers in youthful days is vastly his superior in the important affairs of life. Why should not the real student have some recognition in undergraduate days? Why should he wait until he is a judge on the bench to find himself on a par with his old-time muscular demi-god who passes his old age as a judge of boat-races? Even more important, however, than the rights of the scholar are the fine results in athletic contests themselves that would follow their proper subordination to the real work of the universities.

## THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

The colleges and schools are closed or closing, and what is known as the vacation season is supposed to prevail, but when the regular school stops the summer school begins. The summer schools are widespread and popular. All sorts of things are taught in them to all sorts of people, but their most numerous and important patrons are teachers and people who haven't much time for self-improvement in the regular school year. About one hundred summer schools will hold sessions in this country this summer. They are scattered all over the land. The original Chautauqua expects a great season at the old stand, and "Chautauqua schools" will be conducted at Ocean Park, Maine, at Northampton, Connecticut, and other places. Besides the schools there are the meetings, such as the Greenacre (Maine) Conference of Evolutionists, and the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, beginning July 9th.

These announcements may strike some readers as somewhat too suggestive of hard work to give a cheerful summer prospect, but if the summer schools did not offer a considerable amount of recreation to their patrons they would not be so popular as they are. They have short sessions, most of them, lasting from two to six weeks, and leaving to teachers a month of vacation in August free from all tasks. Then they are strong on their social side. The students who attend them get a change of air and scene, meet congenial companions, and study only one or two subjects, and those of special interest to themselves.

Doctors differ as to whether the mind ever needs rest. Some say that it is profitable to let it lie fallow now and then. Others maintain that all it needs is change. The minds of the summer students get a great deal of change. They think new thoughts and gather fresh ideas at the summer schools. They get different food and different air and different company from what they have had. A great many of them—a large majority, no doubt—do honest work and profit by it, but no one need commiserate them as persons who drudge in hot weather when they ought to be resting. To pass one's vacation and not be bored is an achievement, and the summer schools help thousands of people to accomplish it.

## "REORGANIZING" TAMMANY.

It is not at all surprising that the defeated leaders of Tammany profess a desire for the reorganization of that body. It would be surprising if they hesitated to grasp at any chance of regaining that power which slipped from their grasp last November.

No such booty as that on which they grew rich is to be found anywhere else in the whole broad area of contemporary politics. New York is the largest municipal corporation in the world, and the richest. The London County Council is gradually extending the scope of its powers to a rivalry with those included in the control of New York, but it need never hope to have the distribution of the same amount of spoils. The other chief cities of Europe are capitals controlled by the national governments. Chicago and Philadelphia rank next after New York in their possibilities of plunder, but with a long interval. Not only are their honest revenues, to be divided among the conquerors, insignificant as compared with those of the greater city, but they are also far behind it in the development of its methods of blackmail and extortion, which were just reaching the fulness of their possibilities when the November defeat blasted the hopes of the plunderers.

This defeat was far from being a local event. Its echoes resounded through every large city menaced more or less threateningly by Tammany possibilities. By showing that a reform victory was possible in the one city in which corruption was most strongly intrenched, it encouraged the reform movement everywhere. The friends of good government in every other large city of the country, taking courage from the example of New York, have made their influence felt, in nearly every instance with marked results, so that to-day the question of good municipal government in our large cities occupies a much better strategic position than it did a year ago. When the cause of Tammany went down the cause of bossism was everywhere weakened. The application of business methods to the municipal business of New York has had the effect of eliminating the political element from the management of municipal affairs in other cities. All over the country bossism is discredited.

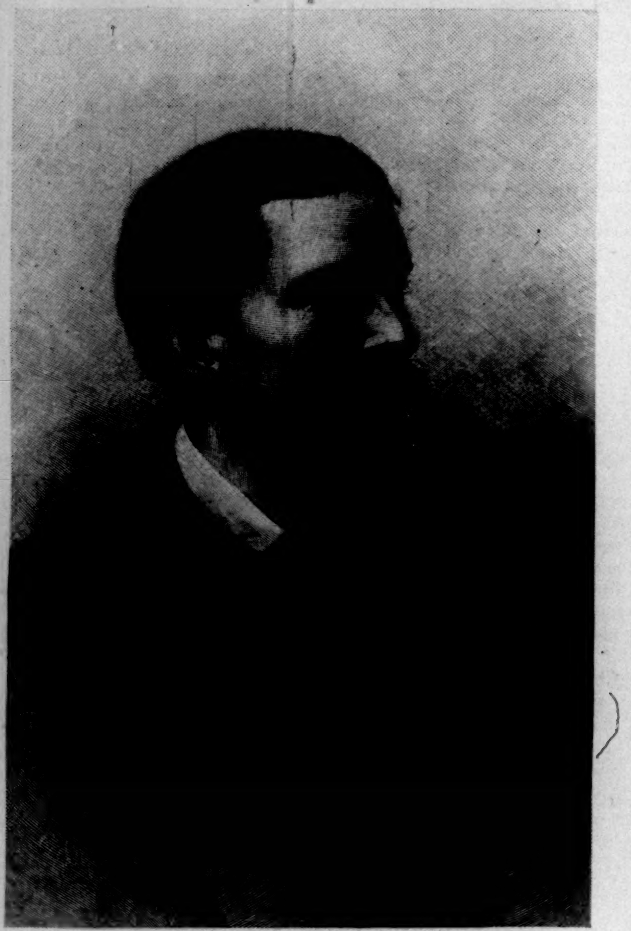
The leaders who have been called by a principle of natural selection to direct the affairs of Tammany are not a very intelligent set of men. They are not far-sighted; their horizon is very limited. They are probably as ignorant of the changes in Chicago or St. Louis or San Francisco as they are of the complicated political situation in the far East. But they have the instinct of self-preservation. They have no honest means of living, and no other means of living than the dishonest proceeds of politics. They realize that they have been beaten. They dimly understand that in order to secure their former right of pillage they must try some new method. They are willing to try a new method. They are willing to try anything. The first proposition, suggested by the smarter men who want to use Tammany, is reorganization. To the members of a defeated and discredited political ring reorganization is a soothing word. Like "that blessed word Mesopotamia," it means everything, and it means nothing. In the present instance it means that one hundred of the Democratic leaders of the recent reform movement in New York, who last year led the revolt against Tammany, are to be invited this year to come into the Tammany camp and work with the Tammany forces. To this unholy alliance Tammany offers to contribute the 108,000 Democratic votes cast for Grant for Mayor last year. The one hundred reform leaders are to contribute the fifty thousand votes which the reform movement cast against Tammany; and then?

Why, then, New York will be just where it was before. It will begin again at the point at which Tammany dropped off just as it was realizing the magnificence of the spoils. The reform victory of last year will then be regarded as a passing indiscretion of the voters — as a political aberration. The permanent and normal condition will be the old condition of Tammany rule.

For it must be borne in mind that there has never been one word or expression of remorse or contrition for the shameful record of that misrule. Not one leader, not one follower, not one authorized representative, has intimated that there was anything to repent of. On the contrary, the era of municipal corruption has been defended and upheld and lauded in speeches and arguments and interviews and magazine articles. The reform movement has been fought, without faltering or flinching, down to this day.

No one who really desires the success of reform can have anything to do with any proposal to reorganize Tammany, for the reason that the vital principle of the society is inherently antagonistic to the idea of reform. The American theory of democracy is that every citizen has an equal share and authority in the administration of political affairs. The Tammany organization is an oligarchy based on the denial of the right of the citizens to control, and wielding authority through a central committee, which is in turn dominated by a clique of irresponsible bosses. The conflict between these two methods of managing politcs is as ancient and inveterate as the conflict between good and evil. Their instinctive hostility is ineradicable.

To ask the reformers of municipal politics in New York to aid in restoring this domination would be to expect history to go backwards. To expect Tammany to reorganize in the interest of good government would be to expect a miracle. Tammany may die; it will never reform.



POULTNEY BIGELOW.—[See Page 688.]

FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[See Page 688.]

# HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

Author of "Vignettes of Manhattan," "A Story of a Story and Other Stories," "Studies of the Stage," "Americanisms and Briticisms," etc.

## III.

EZRA PIERCE'S house stood on a corner of Madison Square. It was a large, solid, heavy building of brownstone; it was wholly without pretension to architectural beauty, except in so far as that might be conferred by its simple massiveness. It reflected the absence of taste of its former owner, from whom Pierce had purchased it, fully furnished, half a dozen years earlier. It was not inviting externally, and internally the decorations were stiff and frigid.

While the father and the son were walking across Madison Square, two women were standing in the broad hall of the house, which was insufficiently illuminated by a single jet of gas in the lamp held aloft by the bronze figure which topped the black-walnut newel-post. One of these women was the girl Winslow Pierce had asked to marry him; the other was his mother.

Mrs. Pierce was just coming down stairs as Sanchez, the negro butler, had admitted Miss Romeyn. Mrs. Pierce was a thin, fragile woman, perhaps fifty years of age, with a few gray threads in her light brown hair. Although there was now a touch of color in her cheeks, a stranger would probably have taken her for a chronic invalid. Just then she seemed even frailer than she was; slighter and at the same time taller, by contrast with the girl at whom she was looking with real affection in her pale blue eyes. She was holding Mary Romeyn's plump little hand in her own long delicate fingers, and she would have petted it had such an endearment been in accord with her traditions.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," she began.

"Thank you for saying that, Mrs. Pierce," the girl answered, not yet knowing quite how to receive the evident good-will of her future husband's mother.

Mary Romeyn was a pretty little woman, with dark eyes, black hair, and a neat figure. She had also a frank open glance, a broad brow, a firm nose, and a sturdy chin. She looked perfectly healthy and wholesome, and as though she had a sound appetite. At times she had a self-reliant manner, which suggested that she might have a will of her own.

There was a moment of embarrassed silence; and then the girl asked, with an unconscious blush, "Has Winslow come yet?"

"Not yet," answered his mother, "but I expect them every minute now."

Then she led the girl into the large, long parlor with its four tall windows—two on the square and two on the side street—and with its wide fireplace, wherein there blazed a gas imitation of a crackling log.

As the two women were about to take their seats on a rigid sofa which was placed flat against the wall, and over which hung a heavily framed engraving of "The Prodigal Son" in three stages of his romantic career, there was a sharp ring of the door-bell.

"That's Mr. Pierce now," said the elderly lady, with an obvious start of nervousness.

"I wish Winslow had come first," the girl confessed, with a tremor at the ordeal before her. "You know, his father has never seen me, and—" Then she broke off, as Sanchez passed the parlor door.

"I wonder whether Winslow has told him?" Mrs. Pierce said.

"Of course he has," Mary returned, swiftly. "Didn't he say he would tell him on the walk here?"

Mrs. Pierce shook her head as she answered, "Yes; but sometimes Winslow puts things off."

Then the door opened and closed with a clang behind the father and the son. Mary heard the rough voice of Ezra Pierce in the vestibule giving orders to Sanchez. She found herself wondering how she would like him, rather than how this overbearing man would like her.

As Winslow drew near the parlor door Mrs. Pierce whispered: "Does he know? Did you tell him?"

"Yes, mother," the young fellow answered; "I told him not five minutes ago."

"What did he say?" was the mother's anxious question.

"Nothing," the son responded. "He didn't say anything, hardly. I don't quite know what to make of it. Is Mary here?"

"Yes," Mrs. Pierce answered. "She's waiting for you in the parlor."

Winslow threw his hat and overcoat on a chair, and slipped into the room where Mary Romeyn stood a little behind his mother. He kissed her suddenly, taking her by surprise.

"Oh, Winslow," she cried, "before your mother, too!"

"I hope mother will see me kiss you a great many times," he returned.

As Ezra Pierce came into the parlor, his son brought Mary forward and presented her.

"Father," he said, "this is Mary."

Ezra Pierce held out his large hand and the girl laid hers in it, receiving a hearty grasp.

"I'm glad to see you, Miss Romeyn," he said, looking her full in the face.

Then he drew back with his eyes still fixed upon her. She stood the close scrutiny without flinching, though the bright color left her cheeks slowly.

"So this is the little girl my boy wants to marry?" the old man continued.

"He says so," Mary declared, glancing at Winslow, and glad that his father had released her hand at length.

"And I do!" Winslow broke in, nervously. "I want to marry her, and she is willing to marry me. I love her dearly; and she will make me a good wife; I know she will!"

"Let us hope so," said his father, "since you are determined on the match."

"But we want you to approve," the son returned, while the color came back to Mary's cheek and burned there in a red spot.

"Mother," said Ezra Pierce, turning to his wife, who had effaced herself behind the young couple, "what do you think of all this?"

Mrs. Pierce's gentle weak voice trembled slightly as she answered: "Mary seems to me a good sweet girl, Ezra. I hope Winslow will make her happy."

"If you approve," the father responded, with an attempt at playfulness, "that is enough for me; I must approve too."

He stepped forward again, and kissed Mary Romeyn on the brow.

"We welcome you as our daughter," he continued, somewhat solemnly. "I have high hopes for my son, and great plans for his future—and so I shall count on you to help him in making his career."

"She will be a good wife to him, I have no doubt," said Mrs. Pierce. "But I am not ambitious for him—not ambitious as you are, father. If he is as good as you are, I shall be satisfied."

"If he doesn't carry on what I have begun further than I can hope to carry it," Ezra Pierce declared, "I shall not be satisfied. Mary, I rely on you to see that Winslow makes the best use of his advantages and his opportunities."

Before Mary could answer, the negro Sanchez appeared at the door of the parlor and made a very low bow, and said, "Dinner is served, madam."

"Winslow," commanded Ezra Pierce, "take your mother in to dinner; I will escort your future wife."

They walked into the dining-room, which was cold and bare-looking, with its huge black-walnut sideboard, opposite to the huge black-walnut mantel-piece, both of an ungainly ugliness.

They stood reverently behind their chairs while Ezra Pierce invoked a formal blessing upon their repast.

"Mother," said Ezra Pierce, as they took their seats, "I saw Doctor Thurston to-day—"

"Did you?" interrupted Mrs. Pierce, eagerly; "and how is he? Last Sunday I thought he had a cold?"

"He didn't seem to have anything the matter with him," her husband answered. "I have asked him to dine with us to-morrow—"

"Then I must tell Katie to make him a chicken pie," declared Mrs. Pierce. "You know how fond he is of her chicken pies."

"He came to see me about our collection for Foreign Missions," her husband continued. "As usual, he wants ours should be the largest in the city."

"I'm sure it ought to be," said Winslow. "Why, I've heard Doctor Thurston say himself that he preached to more millions than any other minister in New York."

"You gave him a check, of course?" Mrs. Pierce declared.

"Of course," responded her husband. "I gave him a check for a thousand dollars. And I told him I'd make it four thousand if he could get Cyrus Poole to do as much; and I shouldn't wonder if I should have to give him the other three thousand—though Cyrus Poole does hate to part with his money. But the doctor will get it out of him if anybody can."

"That's what Mr. Farebrother said in the office the other day," Winslow remarked. "He said that Doctor Thurston had a business head, and that he could have made a big fortune if he had gone into the Street when he was young."

"Mr. Farebrother would do well not to make remarks about Doctor Thurston," returned Ezra Pierce. "The doctor is a good man, and I don't know as Mr.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2012.

Farebrother would be any worse for following in his footsteps."

Mary Romeyn sat silently eating what was placed before her, and listening eagerly that she might understand the surroundings in which she was to pass the rest of her life.

After a while Ezra Pierce happened to catch her gaze fixed upon him, as though she was trying to make out what manner of man he might be. By that time the brief, simple dinner was half over.

"Winslow," he called, "how long has this thing been going on, without my knowing anything about it—this love-making of yours?"

"It's been going on ever since I first went to college," his son answered, "as far as I am concerned. I think I fell in love with Mary the first time I dined at the president's—but I never thought she cared for me until two weeks ago."

"I didn't know you were thinking about me at all," Mary declared, "though I believe I did have a suspicion last summer."

"Last summer?" Ezra Pierce queried.

"Yes, sir," his son explained. "Don't you remember, I went up to the Adirondacks and camped out for three weeks? Well, I wanted to go because I knew Mary was likely to be up there, staying with a friend, whose cottage was only half a mile from where we were going to camp. I meant to ask her to marry me there, if I'd had a chance, but something always prevented. Still, I found out she was coming to New York to pay a visit this winter, and I said to myself that it had to be done then. She arrived two weeks ago; and the very first night I asked her, and she accepted me."

"And neither I nor your mother knew anything about it till now?" said his father, with a heightened harshness in his voice.

"Mary didn't want me to tell any one till she had met mother," Winslow explained. "So I got her to go to Doctor Thurston's last Sunday—the day Mr. Cusachs kept you at home all the morning, don't you remember, sir?"

"Yes, I remember," his father answered.

"Well," Winslow proceeded, "I arranged that she should meet mother then quite by accident, and mother liked her and she liked mother. So yesterday I told mother about the engagement, and then I told you as soon as I could."

"And when do you want to be married?" asked his father. "Have you fixed the day?"

"Not yet, sir," the son responded. "That's for Mary to choose, of course—but the earlier the day the more I shall like it!" and he looked across the table at his bride, who met his eyes and blushed prettily. "You see, she's an orphan, and hasn't anybody to consult but herself."

There was a brief silence; and then Ezra Pierce said: "If you are going to be married, the sooner the better. I suppose you will want to go off on a wedding-trip somewhere? Well, I shall need you later in the winter—so you had best get it over as quick as you can."

"You must not hurry Mary so, father," begged Mrs. Pierce, plaintively.

Mary Romeyn said nothing. After one swift glance at Winslow, she lowered her eyes and kept silent.

"You have known me for four years now, Mary," Winslow began, "and you have found out all my faults, I hope. There is no need of a long engagement, to give you a chance to change your mind, is there?"

"I shall never change my mind, Winslow," the girl declared, raising her eyes. "If you want me, I am ready to marry you."

"If I want you?" echoed Winslow, "why—"

But the rasping voice of his father interrupted.

"If there's no reason for delay, why don't you get married next month?"

"Oh, Mr. Pierce," said Mary, "that is very short notice. Oh, I couldn't really! There are so many things to do."

"She could not get her clothes made in three weeks, father—you did not think of that," said Mrs. Pierce.

"I'd marry you to-morrow, Mary," Winslow declared, "if you would have me, but I don't want to press you. There is really no reason to put it off long, is there?"

"I must have a little time," the girl responded. "It's all so sudden! As it is, I—"

"Well, if it can't be next month," Winslow urged, "why not February? Why not Valentine's day? That will give you eight weeks. You could be ready then, couldn't you, Mary?"

"I suppose I could," yielded Mary, blushing again.

"Then that's settled," Ezra Pierce asserted. "February will do very well. You won't want to be gone more than a month, will you? I suppose you can go to Florida, or to southern California?"

"A month will do, sir," Winslow answered.

"That's all right, then, so long as you are here before the first of April. I shall have something for you to do then; of course you will live with us here. There's plenty of room for you; this is a big house, enough for two families. You can have the whole third floor."

Mary Romeyn looked at Winslow to see what response he would make to this summary disposition of their future. But he said nothing, as usual accepting the finality of whatever his father might propose.

"Yes, the third floor can be fixed up for you," the old man went on. "Mother, that will give you something to do. Take Mary with you and go out and order what you want—furniture and anything else you like. I will give it to Mary as my first Christmas present to her."

"Yes," Mrs. Pierce admitted, "the third floor could be made comfortable for them, I think—though I shall have to move my linen-closet and my store-room. But I shall be very glad to have Mary here in the house with me all the time—if she can put up with the ways of a simple old woman like me?"

Mary bent across the table and took up Mrs. Pierce's long thin hand and kissed it, and answered, "I only hope I can help you in some way, Mrs. Pierce; I—"

"Call me mother, my dear, can't you?" asked the elder woman.

"Mother's very good, too, when you know her," said Winslow; "and often she isn't well, and she'll be very glad to have you with her, Mary, she will indeed!"

The girl looked from her lover to his mother. Then she raised the thin fingers again to her lips, and said, "I will try to be a good daughter to you."

By this time the short dinner was at an end. Ezra Pierce had finished his small cube of cheese with his second wedge of apple pie. He emptied his glass of ice-water, and rose to his feet at once.

"Well," he said, "you can buy anything you and Mary want for the third floor. Mother, get good things, too. Never mind the money; I'll pay for them."

Mary and Winslow drew back Mrs. Pierce's chair and helped her to her feet. Then they went with her into the parlor again.

Ezra Pierce had settled himself in a large arm-chair by the fire, and he was already absorbed by the evening journal, becoming absolutely impervious to all outside suggestions so long as he had the newspaper in his hand.

Mrs. Pierce took her seat in an old-fashioned rocking-chair on the other side of the fireplace, and began at once on the little heap of household mending which she found in her work-basket.

After dinner at home Winslow generally regretted that he had no opportunity to smoke; he had acquired the taste at college, but his father didn't know it, and he had never dared to venture on a cigar in his father's house. But that evening he had no desire for his cigarette. He sat himself down on the sofa by the side of Mary Romeyn, and he talked to her in a low voice, and she answered him. They made plans for the future, and compared their experiences in the past, and were happy.

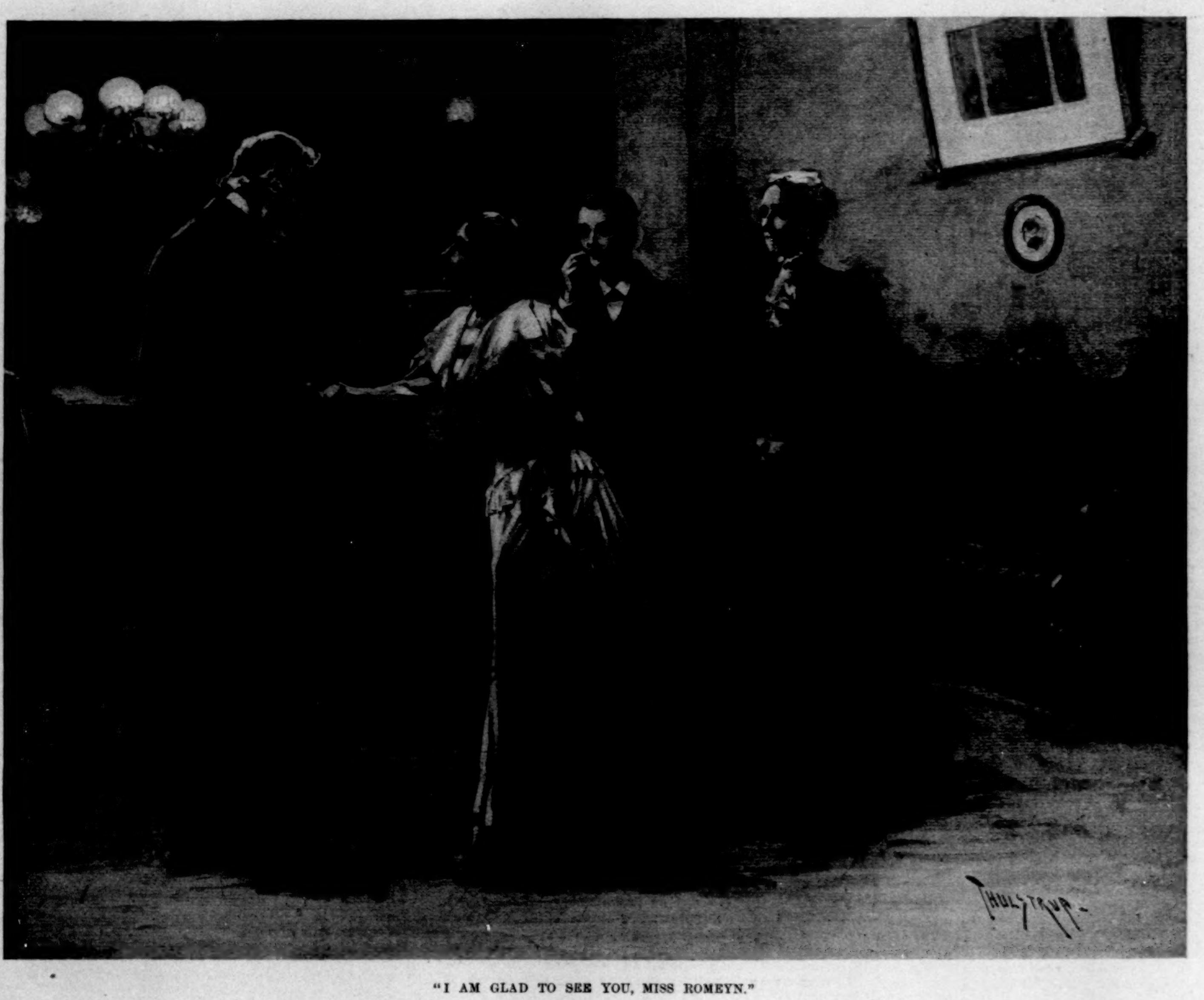
When nine o'clock came Mary declared that it was time for her to go home; "her friends would be expecting her," she said. Winslow prepared to accompany her.

Mrs. Pierce, a little fatigued by the excitement and strain of the evening, put away her work and bade them good-night. Her son gave her his arm up stairs: the exercise of mounting sometimes brought on a palpitation of the heart. When he came down again Mary Romeyn had put on her jacket and was buttoning her gloves.

As she stood in the dim light of the hall, with her feather boa twisted loosely about her throat, Winslow thought she looked bewitchingly pretty. He put his arm about her, while she raised her lips to his kiss.

Then they went back into the parlor for Mary to take leave of Ezra Pierce, who was looking at the flickering fire with a paper clinched in his bony hand. He paid little attention to them, merely saying "good-night, good-night," two or three times, with his mind obviously otherwise occupied. So they left him, and went out into the sharp night air, with their hearts high with hope.

Ezra Pierce sat still, and even the loud closing of the street door did not rouse him from his deep revery. But in time he took up the paper again, and again read an article marked in red ink. The paper was not the one he had been reading after dinner; it was *The Stock Exchange Standard*, an insignificant little sheet, struggling hard for existence. He was not in the habit of reading it—indeed, he did not remember ever having seen a copy before. The one in his hand he had found on his table under a circular; it had come by the latest delivery, and proba-



"I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU, MISS ROMEYN."

bly Sanchez had brought it in during dinner. The article marked in red ink was headed "The Bandit of Broad Street." It was a violent personal attack on Ezra Pierce, as the leader of the bear raid on stocks. It gave a highly colored history of his life. It denounced his methods of making money, and it declared that his whole fortune was the result of manœuvres which richly deserved imprisonment for life at hard labor in Sing Sing. It gave the inside history of the deal whereby Ezra Pierce and Cyrus Poole had captured and reorganized the Niobrara Central, robbing the widow and the orphan who had money invested in that dividend-paying stock.

Ezra Pierce wondered who had sent him this marked copy, and more than one name came to his mind.

When Winslow returned home about ten o'clock and rang the door-bell, his father hastily crumpled up the little newspaper and flung it into the fireplace, where it caught fire from the gas-jet that flickered here and there above the imitation log, being reduced to a crackling blackness before the son entered the parlor to bid his father good-night.

### IV.

During the next two months, as it happened, the name of Ezra Pierce was printed very often in the newspapers of New York, and under widely differing circumstances—at first in consequence of his own doings in Wall Street, and afterwards on account of his son's marriage.

The morning after he had been made acquainted with Mary Romeyn, Ezra Pierce counted confidently on his ability to drive the stock of the Transcontinental Telegraph Company still lower. Knowing that the company had not earned money enough to pay the coupons due on its bonds on the 1st of January, he believed in its inability to borrow the funds which would be needed for this purpose. To make sure, however, he had induced Cyrus Poole, his ally in the control of the Niobrara Central Railroad Company, to protract the negotiations Sam Sargent had opened for borrowing the desired money, instructing Poole to hold out hopes to the President of Transcontinental, and to keep him expectant, and to decline suddenly to lend the cash, only when it would be too late for the company to get it elsewhere.

But when the Stock Exchange opened for business the morning after Sam Sargent had paid his visit to Ezra Pierce, Mr. Cusachs found prompt buyers for all the Transcontinental shares he offered. Mr. Moritz, a broker known to be very closely related to Cyrus Poole, bid Transcontinental up, point by point, from 5 to 15. Then Cusachs sold it down to 13, to the joy of the bears. But the bulls rallied under the leadership of Moritz, and forced the price up again to 15, to 18, to 20.

All the morning the Street was full of the wildest rumors. Towards noon these crystallized into a single fact. The managers of Transcontinental Telegraph had been able to negotiate a loan to meet the maturing coupons. They would thus be able to postpone any proceedings to foreclose any mortgage. Later in the day it was announced formally that the money the company needed to borrow would be supplied by Cyrus Poole. Then the Street knew that the alliance of Ezra Pierce and Cyrus Poole had been dissolved, and that Poole had joined forces with Sam Sargent. The bulls were jubilant. Transcontinental jumped five points in five minutes, and when the board adjourned the closing price was 31½—higher than it had been for several months. Other stocks advanced at the same time. The smaller bears were frightened, and covered their shorts as best they could. Farebrother, standing by the window of Ezra Pierce's office and letting the tape of the ticker slip from his hands, was very glad that he had taken Arrowsmith's advice the afternoon before and closed out his "flier."

Ezra Pierce yielded, for a little while, until the upward movement had spent itself, taking advantage of it quietly to sell out all his Niobrara Central shares. Then, after a week's rest, he began the fight again. One day Mr. Cusachs went down into the Stock Exchange at one o'clock, and led a bear raid not only on Transcontinental, but also on Niobrara Central, Cyrus Poole's own road. At the same moment there came over the ticker the news that a stockholder of the telegraph company had applied to the courts for an injunction restraining the directors from making any loan or borrowing any money to pay any coupons then due, or for any other purpose. In the latest edition of the evening papers that night it was made known that Judge Gillespie had granted a temporary injunction, and had fixed the day after Christmas as the time when the defendants could show cause why the injunction should not be made permanent.

Nor was this the only adroit attack Ezra Pierce devised. On the very day when Judge Gillespie dissolved the injunction, after listening to counsel for the best part of a week—and it was then only two days before the new year, when the coupons would mature—a group of stockholders of the Transcontinental went to another judge and applied to have a receiver appointed, on the ground of the incompetence and incapacity, or worse, of the men then managing the affairs of the corporation.

Although Ezra Pierce did not appear in either of these legal proceedings, everybody knew that both of them had been suggested by his shrewdness, and were paid for by his money. His portrait and the portrait of Sam Sargent—neither of them identifiable, except by an act of faith—appeared in the same column of the *Gotham Gazette*, accompanied by picturesque descriptions of the personal appearance of the two men, and by a summary of their contrasting careers and characters. The space-writer to whom this work had been assigned evidently derived most of his material from a source more friendly to Sargent than to Pierce; and this was not to be wondered at, perhaps, as the former was one of the most popular men in the Street, and the latter one of the least-liked. So it was that the ill-looking portrait of Sam Sargent was accompanied by an anecdotal biography, very vague and sketchy, no doubt, but producing the impression on the reader's mind that the president of Transcontinental was a kind-hearted man, a good fellow, "one of the boys"; while the equally ill-looking portrait of Ezra Pierce was followed by an account of his life and manners distinctly unfavorable, and dwelling with some insistence on the piquancy of the contrast between the primness and austerity of his household in Madison Square and the predatory and buccaneering freedom of his methods in Wall Street.

When Winslow Pierce read this he was disgusted that anybody should think of comparing his father and a man like Sargent. He showed the paper to Mary Romeyn, and she was fierily indignant, and denounced the editor of the *Gotham Gazette*, and wondered why they didn't horsewhip him. She asked her lover how his father felt.

"Father?" repeated Winslow. "He doesn't seem to mind it half as much as I do. He told me to keep the paper out of the house so mother wouldn't see it—and that's all he said. I never saw anybody bear an attack with the Christian fortitude father has shown. Do you know, Mary, sometimes I almost think he doesn't really care? What he is thinking of all the time isn't what these papers say about him—no; it's how he is going to turn Sargent out of the control of the Transcontinental, and keep him from ruining the company. You know, I told you that when Transcontinental is reorganized I'm to be vice-president? I suppose I shall be the youngest vice-president of an important company in all the United States. If we were in Germany, now, Mary, in two months people would call you Mrs. Vice-President Pierce. How would you like that?"

The answer of Mary Romeyn to this question is not material. It is of importance, however, to record that Winslow Pierce did not become vice-president of the Transcontinental Telegraph Company. There was no reorganization of the corporation, for the directors borrowed the money needed to pay the January coupons, and the judge finally denied the application for a receiver. For once Ezra Pierce was beaten. It was owing to the treachery of Cyrus Poole, perhaps; but he was beaten, none the less. For a while he kept up the fight in the courts unavailingly, and then suffered the suits to be dismissed one by one. Sam Sargent was left in control of Transcontinental, and Cyrus Poole in undisputed possession of Niobrara Central.

Experts in the Street calculated that the experience had cost Ezra Pierce more than a million of dollars. What he had really lost no one ever knew. He said nothing. Only once did his son ever hear him allude to it in any way. On the first Sunday in January Doctor Thurston took as the subject of his sermon, "The Duty of Giving and the Duty of Gratitude"; and on their way home from church Ezra Pierce said to Winslow: "The doctor is right to talk about gratitude—but I don't know as there's much of it to be found anywhere nowadays. I could tell him that—and prove it too." The son remembered having heard his father say long before that it was he who had given Cyrus Poole a first start in Wall Street, and he understood the bitterness of his father's tone.

Scarcely had the fight over Transcontinental ceased to be a topic for daily talk when the Pierce family was again made a subject for newspaper discussion. Doctor Thurston's sermon on "Giving and Gratitude" having excited much comment, the editor of the Sunday issue of the *Gotham Gazette* sent to the church one of the most enterprising young men on the staff of that most enterprising newspaper, to write up a brisk and breezy story on "A Congregation of Millionaires in Church.—How Rich Men Pray.—Preaching to One Hundred Millions of Dollars every Sunday.—Doctor Thurston does It.—How some of the Wealthiest Men in America behave in the Sacred Edifice."

On the morning when the brisk and breezy story appeared with these appropriate scare-heads an enterprising reporter of another enterprising newspaper, the *Daily Dial*, was reading it in a barber-shop while waiting to be shaved. When his turn came, the barber talked to him about the article, and happened to mention that the beautiful young lady, who was declared to be sitting in the pew with the Pierces, was Miss Romeyn.

"The piece in the paper doesn't say so," the barber asserted, taking the traditional pleasure of his craft in being able to complete a bit of gossip, "but I know that she is engaged to be married to Mr. Winslow Pierce."

The lather was dangerously near the reporter's eyes, and the razor was at his throat, but he did not hesitate to ask, "How do you know?"

"Oh, I know all that goes on at Ezra Pierce's," the barber returned. "You see, my sister, she sews for Mrs. Pierce. Why, she's sometimes all alone in Mrs. Pierce's best bedroom for hours and hours at a time."

When he was shaved the young reporter suddenly declared his intention of having his hair cut also, although the necessity for this was not obvious. During the process he had a chance to ask the barber many leading questions, all of which were freely answered. When he had no further excuse for lingering, the young reporter walked down to Madison Square, and prepared to write a description of Ezra Pierce's house. Then he took a train on the elevated road, and went straight to the office of the *Daily Dial*. He spoke at once to the city editor, who happened to be in just then.

"I've got a beat," he said, "a clean scoop. Nobody else is on to it, I'm dead sure. It's the engagement of Winslow Pierce, son of old Ezra Pierce, who's said to be worth ten millions."

"Good!" the editor cried. "How did you get it?"

The reporter explained briefly, and asked, "How much do you want?"

"I guess it will stand two columns, won't it?"

"Easy," the reporter assented.

And the next morning the *Daily Dial* on its first page announced that Winslow Pierce, the only son and sole heir of Ezra Pierce, was engaged to Mary Romeyn, daughter of the late college president Charles Clayton Romeyn, LL.D. It declared that an attempt had been made to keep the engagement a secret, but an enterprising newspaper like the *Daily Dial* knew its duty to the public too well to permit this. It announced that the young couple were to be married by Doctor Thurston in the middle of February, when they would start at once to spend their honey-moon in southern California. It stated further that it was understood that Mrs. Pierce had now withdrawn her opposition to the match, but that at first she did not approve at all of her son's marrying a New England girl, having intended to choose a bride for him herself among the fair daughters of the Four Hundred who formed the most exclusive circles of New York society. This article was set off by an outline portrait of Ezra Pierce, by another outline portrait purporting to represent Winslow Pierce, and by sketches of the outsides of Ezra Pierce's house in Madison Square and of Doctor Thurston's church in Fifth Avenue.

The next morning, when this appeared, the *Gotham Gazette* sent a reporter down at once to Broad Street to interview Ezra Pierce, with a hope that he would deny the report, thus permitting the *Gazette* virtually to denounce the *Dial* for its "fake journalism." But Ezra Pierce refused to see any reporters, and he ordered Winslow not to talk to them. He asked Farebrother to go out to them with the statement that Mr. Winslow Pierce and Miss Mary Romeyn were engaged to be married, and that the wedding would take place at Doctor Thurston's church on the 14th of February, then barely two weeks distant.

Therefore the *Gotham Gazette* reluctantly reprinted the announcement of the engagement, and gave its own outline portraits of father and son. The next day the *Daily Dial*, delighted at its "beat," and having discovered that the future bride was staying with friends in Seventy-second Street, published a sketch of the outside of the house where she was living. Not content with this evidence of his enterprise, the editor of the *Dial* sent his original female reporter, "Pettie Pert," disguised as a book-agent, to try and get into both houses to take detective-camera photographs of the interiors, as well as portraits of Mrs. Pierce and Miss Romeyn. These personal pictures were utilized to decorate an article in the next Sunday issue on "Rich Men's Wives.—Faces never seen before in print." And this was but one of many articles similar in conception and in execution which appeared in most of the morning newspapers of New York.

When Mary Romeyn chanced to glance at one of these she was shocked, and she blushed as though she had been rudely addressed in the open street. Winslow Pierce did not like the tone and the allusions of many of the articles, but he was secretly pleased to find himself of so much importance. Mrs. Pierce did not happen to see more than one or two of them; and her chief regret was that the alleged portrait of Mary did not do the girl justice. Ezra Pierce may have read many of the columns upon columns written about his son's wedding, but he said nothing about them; he was busy with matters of more importance.

Early in February he was able to give the market another twist most unexpectedly, and he very nearly caught the president of Transcontinental napping. As Farebrother said to Arrowsmith, standing before the fire, and toasting his spine as usual: "The old man isn't going to do things by halves, he isn't. He's bound to make the bride a big present, of course—and he means to let Sam Sargent pay for it, if he can. There's nothing mean about him, is there?"

Old Arrowsmith shrugged his shoulders as usual, and said nothing.

On the morning of the wedding-day Ezra Pierce handed Mary Romeyn an envelope, saying: "I meant to get you something handsome, but I haven't had time. Take that, and when you get back you can get something to suit yourself."

Inside of the envelope was a check to her order for fifty thousand dollars.

"Oh, father," said Winslow, "you are so generous!" And Mary Romeyn thanked him also, wondering whether there could be happiness for her in a family where there was such immense wealth, with all its attendant responsibilities.

There had recently been founded a new weekly review of society, fashion, and sport called the *Upper Ten*, and supposed to be written wholly by those having a right of admission to the most exclusive houses in New York. It was a pretentious paper, and it had its chief circulation in the smaller towns of the West, where there were readers glad to accept its tales of "club-men" and its anecdotes of "society ladies" as authentic information about the innermost circles of metropolitan fashion. In the first number of this journal to appear after the wedding of Winslow Pierce and Mary Romeyn there was a lofty paragraph referring to the ceremony at Doctor Thurston's church, and asking why the morning papers had made such a fuss over it. "Who is this man Ezra Pierce?" it went on. "He may be rich, for all we know; he may be worth half a dozen millions, more or less; what of it? Nobody ever heard of him before. He is unknown in Society, absolutely unknown. Certainly the man has never been seen at the Patriarchs, and probably would not know how to behave if he got there by accident. As for the son, he seemed from the portraits in the papers to be an insignificant little fellow, trying to raise a mustache under glass. No doubt he was a worthy specimen of the lower orders, but why should the mating of such people receive any attention at all? Of course there was nobody at the ceremony that anybody knew."

Winslow had taken his bride down to Florida; and it was when he returned to the hotel with her one evening, after a stroll in the mellow moonlight, that he saw a new number of the *Upper Ten* on the news-stand. He bought it eagerly to see what it said about the wedding, and he read the paragraph with a sharp pang. He tore the paper up, so that Mary should not see it, but the memory of it embittered the next few days. And during these days he received by mail no less than five copies of the *Upper Ten*, directed to him in different handwritings, and having the offensive paragraph marked so that he could not fail to discover it.

It need not be said Ezra Pierce was not in the habit of reading publications like the *Upper Ten*, and even if he had chanced to see this number he would not have cared. He never doubted that when he or his son chose to knock at the portals of Society, Society would make haste to throw the doors wide open.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A REMARKABLE TROLLEY LINE.

During the past few years the application of electricity and the trolley system to railway lines has had a marvellous growth. The question of grades and locality has not entered into consideration in projecting new lines. Steep ascents, mountains, rapid descents, and valleys have been made more easy of access for man by the use of this wonderful method of travel. Progress and the development of country and city property have been most marked. Among all the new railways made possible by the use of the trolley none is quite so wonderful as that now building close to the water's edge along the American bank of the Niagara gorge. Here the electric current is about to make travel possible and easy between points never before covered by man's footsteps. This road, now in course of construction, is expected to be open for travel early in August, for a portion of the distance it covers. Now the roar of the dynamite blasts echos and re-echos between the rocky cliffs as the road-bed is dug out along the débris slope. Bowlders which for centuries have remained undisturbed have been blown to pieces to make way for the trolley's march, and trees of the beautiful bank have also unfortunately fallen victims of man's invasion.

This has been done in order that curious humanity may the better view Niagara at its wildest and best scenic points as it rapidly flows between the high cliffs toward Lake Ontario. When the road is first operated its upper end will be at the Buttery elevator, where the whirlpool rapids toss highest. Its lower end will be on the dock in Lewiston.

The road-bed is about twenty feet up from the water's edge, and wide enough to accommodate a double track. The centre-pole system will be used. The rails will be of extra heavy weight, and the line will be rock-ballasted from end to end.

Starting where the waters of the rapids run wildest, the sight-seers will be carried along in full view of the rapids, and past the whirlpool, across the broad and dangerous expanse, of which they will have the best view ever afforded visitors to the Falls. They will pass through portions of the gorge where for centuries the caw of the crow and the occasional flight of the eagle have been undisturbed. The thickly wooded banks of the gorge will have added attractiveness from the delightful point of view, and at the Lewiston end of the road they will look upon peaceful waters which form a marked contrast with the fury displayed at the starting-point.

The construction of the road has been an engineering feat fraught with much danger. At points the bank was found level, as though inviting man's coming, while at others the road-bed has been excavated along the face of the perpendicular cliff, the workmen being suspended over the water as they drilled holes for the dynamite to knock the rocky barrier to pieces. As it is completed the railway will ascend the bank on a slope at a point below the State Reservation, a short distance below the Falls, and the cars of the line will land their passengers close to the State Park. The trip promises to be one of the most weird and fascinating to be enjoyed on any trolley line in all America.

## LIFE AND LETTERS

THE work of the Spanish dramatist José Echegaray has begun to attract critical attention outside of his own country, where it has long held the stage and enjoyed popular favor both in the journals and in the theatre. In England, even, they have translated one of his most striking plays, which he significantly calls The Son of Don Juan; and now we have the American version of Mariana, a drama which seems as characteristic of him as any that he has written, though he is best known and most valued for his tragedy El Gran Galeoto. This deals with the evil of slander, typified under the name of the romance which Paolo and Francesca were reading when love surprised them:

> "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.
> Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse."

It has been played throughout the whole Spanish-speaking world, which next to the English-speaking is the largest world, though we seldom realize it. In Mexico especially the play is a favorite, and runs for weeks and months, much after our own bad fashion with plays.

### I.

Mariana. Translated by James Graham. Roberts Brothers. Boston.

Mariana is the story of a rich, beautiful, and gifted woman who loves the impassioned young Daniel Montoya. He is not very clearly made out, except as her lover, who only moderately objects to being capriciously trifled with. He has an invalid father darkling in the background, and he has a good genius in Don Joaquin, who has known Mariana from childhood, and who warns them against each other. She has had a sad history: her mother carried her off in childhood when she eloped with her lover, and Mariana saw the cruelty of the lover to her mother before her mother died heart-broken. At last Daniel and she make peace; they have already made love; but then it comes out that his father is the betrayer and effectively the murderer of her mother. There is nothing for her to do but to break with Daniel. She marries Don Pablo, an old soldier, who is said to have killed his first wife from jealousy. He fights with Daniel to punish his resentment of Mariana's apparent heartlessness; and when Daniel recovers from his shot, and follows them, and Don Pablo finds them together and she defiantly avows her love for Daniel, he shoots Mariana, and the play ends.

I leave out the steps, and I leave out a number of accessory characters who usefully and interestingly fill up the gaps of the action. But I have told enough to let the reader perceive that the drama is of the arch-romantic cast, which leaves nothing to be asked on the side of the "imagination." If one will suppose such a case at all, one can easily suppose a number of "strong" situations in it, and these are not wanting in the play of Mariana.

They are not wanting in any of the plays of Echegaray which I have read. This is especially true of The Son of Don Juan, which is frankly founded upon the motive of Ibsen's Ghosts, and deals with those sins of the fathers which are peculiarly visited upon the children. Yet The Son of Don Juan is the most realistic of Echegaray's plays, so far as I know. It is as if the pure cold inspiration of the "very imperial anarch" of the North controlled the hot impulses of the Spanish fancy, and obliged them to an allegiance to fact which they do not pay elsewhere.

The modern Spanish drama is indeed arch-romantic in such measure that I can think of few plays which are not of that complexion. One of these few is a drama called Between two Duties (Entre dos Deberes), and I am sorry that I cannot remember the author's name, because I should like to celebrate his exceptional excellence a little. His play is all the odder because it is in verse, and deals in the old dramatic *asonantes* with a modern case of conscience: that of a girl who has to choose between her father, guilty of a long-repented offence against the law, and her lover, whose office it is to bring him to justice for it. I think that play would make a strong effect in our own theatre—if we have a theatre of our own. It is entirely modern in circumstance and character, and perhaps a moral problem in Barcelona might have the same interest for our play-goers as a moral problem in London.

Certainly one might hope the success for it which attended the production of Yorick's Love, as the late Lawrence Barrett called the version made for him of Un Drama Nuevo, from the Spanish of Joaquin Estebanez. This very noble tragedy Mr. Barrett played constantly for some ten years before his death. It had very rare qualities, and combinations of qualities, and it united to one powerful effect the motives of Northern conscience and Southern passion. But this again was arch-romantic, and I suppose it was characteristic of the author (his real name is Tomayo; Estebanez is a pseudonym) in that as in other things, though I do not know his work further. In fact, the new Spanish drama seems to be the old Spanish drama in modern costume, and it seems rather more unreal for the over-accuracy of its entourage. The return to a former artistic inspiration necessarily results in something false: the classic becomes classicistic, the romantic romanticistic. You feel this in Echegaray's work especially, where all the artistic conventions are so carefully observed, and all the artistic principles so recklessly violated. I speak of his work only so far as I know it; but of the half-dozen plays of his known to me what I say is true. Those who doubt may read Mariana in a translation which I am afraid does not give a due sense of the author's literary quality.

One need not speak of it at all, if it were not part of the dramatic renaissance in Spain which is just now so interesting. It is of much the same effect that a renaissance of the Elizabethan drama, as it was in the minor dramatists (for Calderon or for Shakespeare there is no earthly palingenesis), would be in England. But the Spanish situation offers a curious contrast to the situation in England, where there is also a dramatic though not an Elizabethan revival. Oddly enough the new English dramatists are realistic (or what I should like better to call verosimil, since art can never give the thing itself, but only the likeness of the thing), and the novelists are romantic, except Mr. George Moore alone, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, who "flocks by himself" in a kind peculiar to his delightful talent; while in Spain it is the novelists who are verosimil, and it is the dramatists who are romantic. There is, so far as I know, none among them of the robust outrightness of that strong-woman Emilia Pardo-Bazán, of the humorous and pathetic fidelity of Valdés, or of the tragic truth of Galdós; just as there is no present English novelist, except Mr. Moore again, who has caught the look of life as we find it in the people of Mr. Pinero's plays, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's, Mr. Oscar Wilde's, and Mr. Bernard Shaw's.

### II.

A Vagabond in Spain. By C. Bogue Luffman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

For a certain phase of the race which has produced the modern Spanish play and the modern Spanish novel, I can heartily commend the reader to a book by an author new to me. He was quite a voluntary vagabond in Spain, for he was one of those rare tramps who have money; though he did not use his money on his journeys, which he made all afoot, but lived on the country, and resorted only to his letter of credit in the large cities where he made some stay. In perhaps the most amusing passport ever written he is described as a "former employee of the governments of New Zealand, Victoria, and South Australia; geologist, entomologist, naturalist, and magazinist," who asks of the Spanish authorities "only that they will not make difficulties for him on his way," and "desires nothing but bread, and that they let him sleep in any corner whatsoever." The Spanish authorities took his passport very literally, and mostly gave him lodging in tramps' refuges (which they seem to have pretty well everywhere in Spain), but sometimes in hospitals, and sometimes in the poorest sort of inns, where they billeted him, and where the host often put him to sleep in the hen-coop, the stable loft, or on the kitchen floor. He fared as hard as he slept; he ate the crusts and drank the wine that a few coppers would buy, or he supped on charity outright. Now and then some kindlier *alcalde* or more enlightened *secretário* would have him home with him, or give the innkeeper charge to use him with special hospitality. But for the most part Mr. Luffman met the fate of a tramp, which he had invoked, on his walk from Pamplona through Saragossa, Valencia, Madrid, Toledo, Seville, and Granada to Gibraltar. He saw Spanish life everywhere as the poorest and forlornest see it, and he shared their hardships and tested the goodness of their human nature, which seldom failed him in his long and weary way through Navarre, Aragon, Castile, and Andalusia. Everywhere he found kind hearts and pity and help among a people whom we foolishly imagine worse than ourselves. "How is it the Spaniards have got such a bad name?" he asked a Navarrese gentleman. "That is a big question! I consider that nothing in the world has done more to set the world against Spain than the writings of the elder Dumas. He wrote of a time when the world wellnigh lived on sensationalism, and with his facile pen he made his romances read like every-day facts. . . . The 'reading public' are the stupid public, people who are too lazy and senseless to prove things for themselves."

Mr. Luffman found the simple, homely, impulsive goodness among the poor Spaniards, often enough varied with selfishness and brutality, which Cervantes portrayed in his time, and which the Spanish verosimilists portray in ours. His page sometimes reads like a page of Don Quixote, or Maximina, or Doña Perfecta; never like a scene from the neo-romantic dramatists of Spain. There sometimes seemed indeed the potentiality of their motives and actions among the rich and idle people of the cities whom he met, but oftener these were men of intelligence and the philosophic mind peculiar to their most interesting race. It is of the Spanish women whom he has the least praise to speak. More than once he records instances of their kindness to him in his sickness or want; but mostly he feels that their faces are against them. They are good-looking enough, but they do not look good; and without this look of goodness in her women he feels that Spain is in a bad way. Perhaps this is pushing a conclusion.

### III.

As to the intelligence and the philosophic mind which I have ventured to think peculiar to the Spanish race, the words do not perfectly convey a sense of the quality I mean. I should not wish to say that it was the property of all Spaniards, but in certain Spaniards whom I have met, the ordered reason, the clear perception, and the quick intuitions which make talk delightful were conspicuous. Very possibly these advantages are not always applied to action, to conduct, but I am not saying that they are. I am merely sure of them in talk, and I have been thinking lately of one in whose talk they shone with a vividness which has never ceased to charm me. He was the editor of a Spanish paper published in New York, and he had been interested by my interest in the modern Spanish novelists, and so came to see me six or seven years ago. His grasp of the whole literary question then agitating us rather more than now, was not less remarkable than his specific criticisms, which were singularly enlightened, and based upon wide knowledge. I dare say I found him all the more charming because I found myself in such perfect accord with him in his love of the Spanish verosimilists, which was a passion for realism everywhere. If I were to describe him by negatives I should say he had no touch of the petty and carping spirit which supposes itself criticism, that he did not wish to shine at the cost of his subject. I found before we parted that he was a Cuban, and that he was a Spaniard only in his love of Spanish literature and in his Spanish race; and the reader may like to know that he was the patriot José Martí, who lately laid down his life in the cause of Cuban independence.

His death has by no means consecrated that cause, to my thinking. In my remembrance of his intellectual grace and spirit, his beautiful civilization, I have asked myself whether it was worth so much; and I still doubt it. Wars like that seem lamentable anachronisms. If Cuba were free, as it is called, how much freer would the poorer Cubans be—the sort of men who do all the hard working and most of the hard fighting in all lands? Would life be any easier, wages higher, employ securer? With independence from Spain would the common people be independent of those who could give them or deny them work? Would liberty liberate them from the fear of want for themselves and for those dear to them?

When we hear of a patriotic war nowadays we have to ask ourselves some such questions; and I notice that we Americans are not so joyful over new independencies and liberties and the establishment of sister republics as we once were. Is it because we have come to feel that political independence and liberty are merely means to a true freedom, and that we are waiting to see what the patriots will do with their victory?

W. D. HOWELLS.

## QUATRAIN.

THE wind of dreams bears ever unto me,
  To flower in my heart, a strange sweet face,
E'en as a seed wind-borne unto the sea
  On a high rock blooms with exquisite grace.

## AN EMBRYO SOCIALIST.

BY CHARLES H. AUGUR.

"DID you notice that man that just went out?" inquired the customer at the furnishing-goods counter.

"Yes," answered the salesman; "it was Mr. Teesquare. He's in the hardware line in Chambers Street."

"And I'm the man that knows it full well," responded the customer. "Let me see that box of fifty-cent ties, please. I'm in the same concern with Teesquare, and we've both been there since we were boys, and every time I look at the ordinary little cuss I'm tempted to rail against the social order, for it does seem as if there was something wrong when such fellows as him— Say! that line of ties you've got there, marked a dollar, are dandies, ain't they? Set them over here.

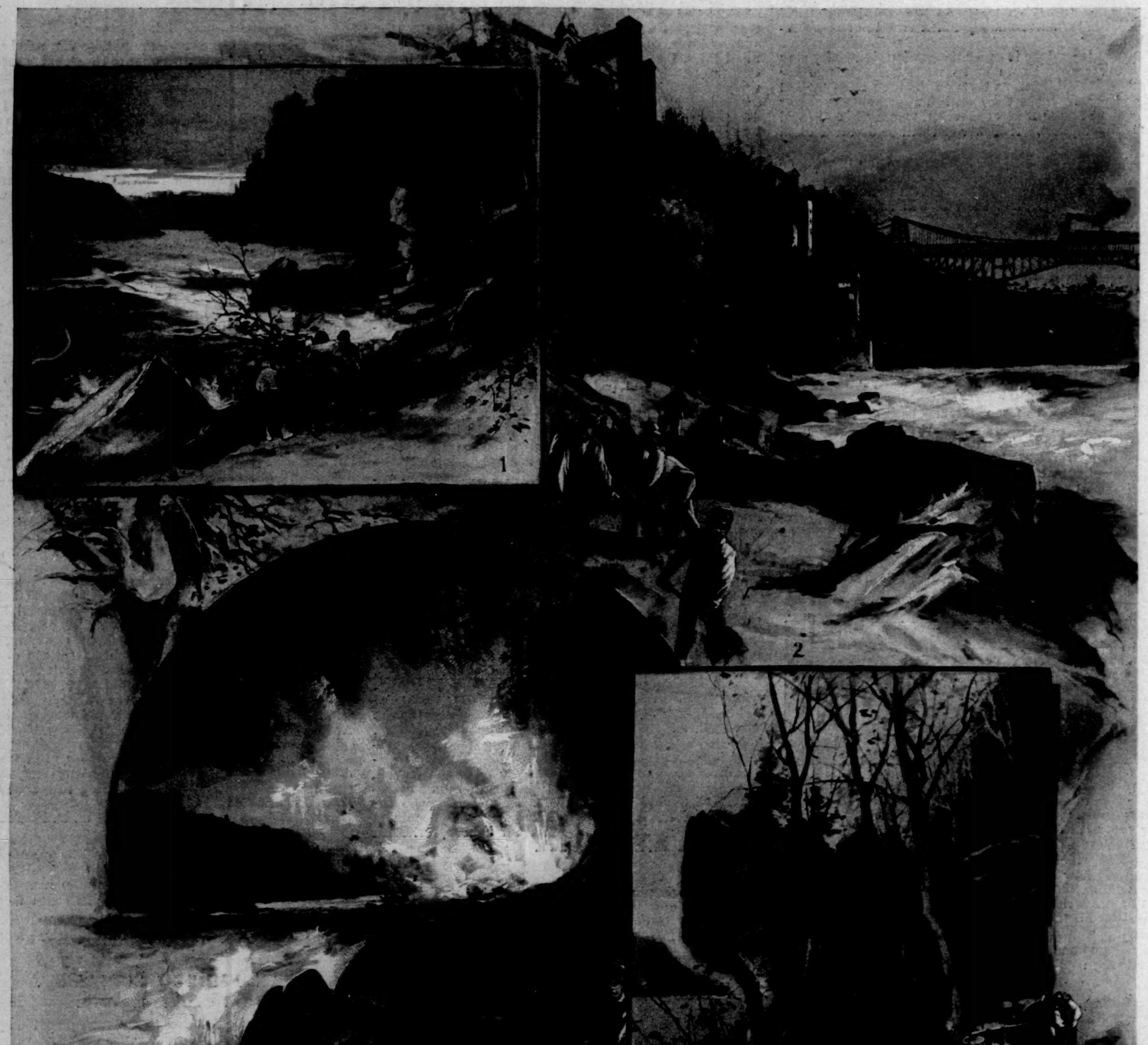
"Teesquare didn't have nothing to commence with any more'n I did, and now I suppose he's worth fifty thousand dollars, and in a fair way to make it a hundred thousand. And how'd he do it? Sheer luck. Why, that man ain't smart. He ain't any talker. He ain't sociable. He can work, and so can a hod-carrier; and that's all he can do. When a man sees two things that please him equally well, how's he going to choose? I'll toss up a cent to see whether I take this dotted tie or the one with a red stripe. Heads takes the dots. Tails, by jingo! I'll take 'em both. Let me see some collars; fifteen and a half, stand up.

"Teesquare was always close as the devil, for one thing, and the boys never liked him for that. When he was a clerk along with the rest of us, you'd never catch him joining us in a game of billiards after lunch. He always said he was too busy. He'd go back to his desk and work. Lord knows what at. The rest of us had a minute to spare once in a while. And then he got cheeky. He began to make suggestions to the old man about the business. Actually— What's that? Something new in suspenders? Two dollars a pair. They're a little too rich for my blood, I guess, but I'll take a look at 'em.

"The man actually began to tell the head of the house how to run his own business. Any other man in the place would have got set on mighty hard if he tried that, but somehow or other Teesquare managed to get around the boss, and blamed if what he said didn't go. How much do I owe you altogether?

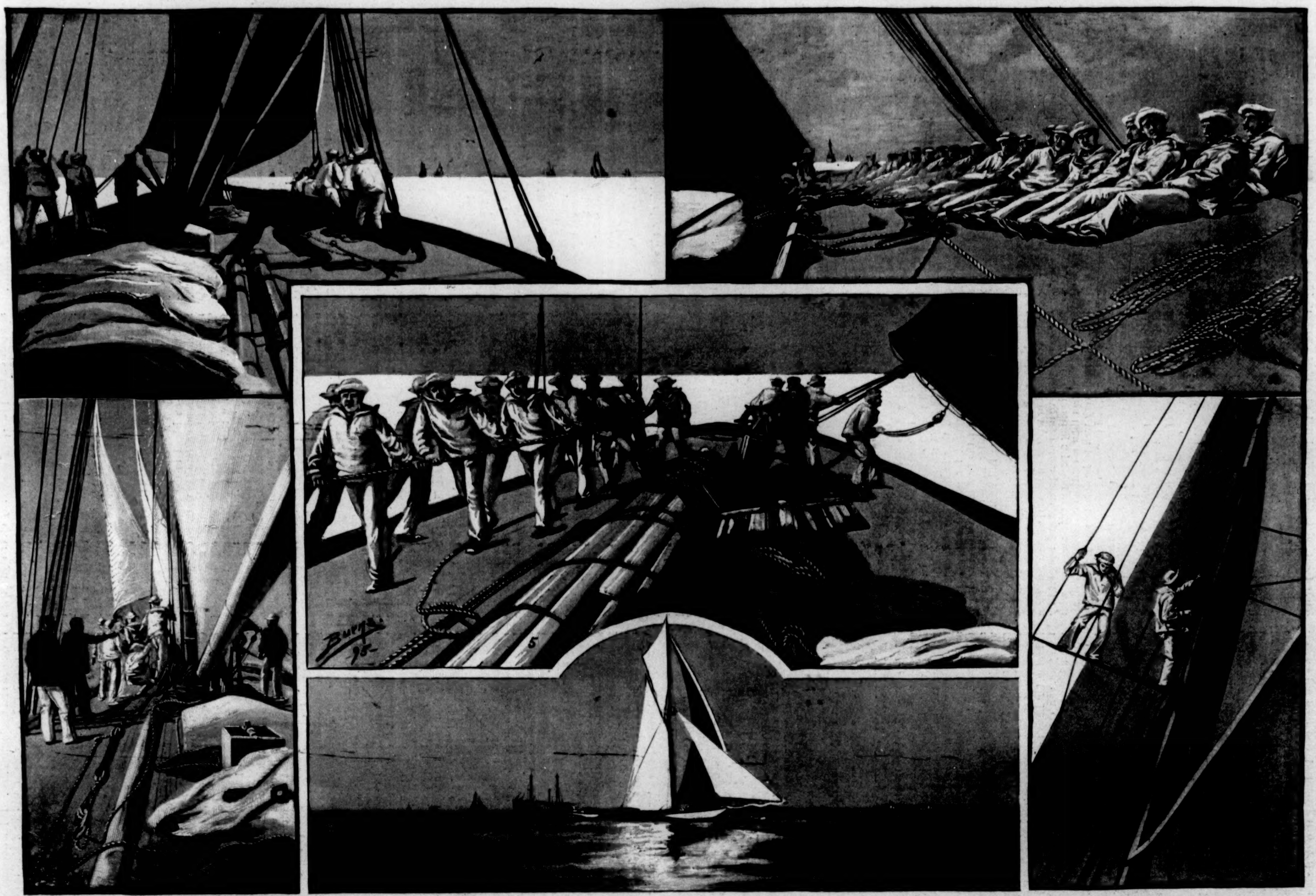
"Four seventy-five, eh? Now the question is, how much have I got? A five and a two. That settles it. I take a pair of these suspenders, and I get twenty-five cents change. Well, it's pay-day. That's one comforting thought.

"And that's why I say there's something wrong. Fellows like Teesquare, with no life or sociability about 'em, and no more juice than a mummy, tumble into the soft places, and before you know it they're cutting coupons, while smarter men just manage to live. Ever run out during business hours to take a little something? No? Well, so long."



NIAGARA'S NEW TROLLEY LINE.—Drawn by Al. Hencke.—[See Page 676.]

1. Scene just below the Whirlpool. 2. Niagara Falls End, showing the Elevator, Whirlpool Rapids, Suspension and Cantilever Bridges. 3. Blasting out a Road-bed in the Gorge. 4. A Chip from the Cliff obstructing the Line of Route. 5. Scene at the Lewiston End, showing the old and dilapidated Suspension-bridge.



CAPTAIN HAFF DRILLING THE CREW FOR THE "DEFENDER" ON BOARD THE "COLONIA."—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 680.]

1. "About!" 2. Close-hauled—Crew to Windward. 3. "Draw away!" 4. Aloft on the Spreader. 5. Crew walking aft the Main-sheet. 6. The *Colonia* off Sandy Hook Light-ship.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

## SOUTHERN INDIA—MADURA.

A TRAIN journey of between sixty and seventy miles conveys the visitor in southern India from the landing at Tuticorin to Madura, famous in old times for its learning, but unfortunately to-day only for its wonderful temple. The country passed through is for the most part level, cultivated, and apparently fertile. Here and there, indeed, there are patches of the native forest or jungle, which form the shelter of the tigers and other wild animals, which are even now the scourge of India. Few things can give a stranger a more impressive view of what English civilization is doing for India than the appearance of such a station as that of Madura. The great, one might almost say vast, length of the platform, and the solid and permanent character of the buildings, platform, and arrangements generally, strike one at first sight as out of proportion to probable requirements, and it is not till our train draws up opposite the long colonnade, with its massive granite pillars and deep overshadowing veranda, which is filled as if by magic with a struggling, vociferating crowd of passengers, that one begins to see that no excessive provision has been made for the traffic, and that the stout and dignified station-master, dressed in his turban and white linen, is possessed of no sinecure office as the executive head of the Madura station.

A single step out of the comparatively cool half-darkness of the station into the full blaze of the Indian sunlight is enough to remind any one that he is in Eastern lands, where men and things exist under different conditions, and indulge in different habits from those familiar to the ideas of Western civilization. The main thoroughfares of Madura are scenes of the particular kind of crowding and the strange kind of suppressed bustle which characterizes an Eastern as contrasted with a Western crowd; but it is when one turns into a less bustling side street that one comes into contact with the most characteristic features of life in an Eastern city. Here the street is turned into a workshop, and the greater part of it is occupied by weavers and their webs, which are stretched lengthwise along the road, and in that position laboriously worked upon by the weavers. A glance at the interiors of the houses is quite enough to explain the origin of the custom, as there can be little comparison between the ease and comfort of working under the shadows of the houses, or even in the sun in the open air, and toiling in the stifling heat and much more than questionable cleanliness of the native interiors.

Madura is to-day a very considerable city, although its greatness and probably its population have shrunk since the time when it was the chief intellectual centre of India, some fifteen hundred years ago. It is now little more than a centre of the popular idolatrous worship of the natives who accept the Brahminical religion, which, at least in its modern developments, may be said to be identified with the most ignorant classes of the Indian community. Unlike very many of the great religious centres of India, the great temple seems hardly to belong so much to the city as the city to the temple. Most Indian temples are built outside the cities, and sometimes at a distance of a mile or two away, but in the case of Madura the temple is the centre around which the city clusters on every side. From whatever side you enter you find yourself going in the direction of the temple. Every street seems to find its natural termination there; every stream of human beings you fall in with—and you cannot go very many yards without falling in with one—is setting in that direction. The great temple of Siva is, indeed, the one attraction of Madura, and, like that of Mecca, it is at once the life of the city and the cause of disease and death to many of the thousands who either make it their home or come there on pilgrimage.

Madura lives on its pilgrims. Its bazars, its shops, its hostelries, all exist to supply the wants of these pious strangers, and the commonest of all every-day sights in the city is that of a solemn procession in which a detachment of the sacred-temple elephants lazily pace the distance around the temple walls, followed by bands of pilgrims, anxious by this observance to merit the favor of the very far from good-natured divinity, whose special province in the Brahminical economy of things terrestrial is said to be that of destruction. However gratifying these processions may be to the god in question, and however much they may excite the devotion of the pilgrims—which, to tell the truth, does not impress a stranger very greatly—they arouse about as little interest, to all appearance, in the minds of the inhabitants as a new advertising vehicle would do in Broadway. Our own appearance was evidently a far more engrossing subject of speculation with the people of Madura, old and young, than the temple elephants or the accompanying pilgrims.

At the beginning of the Christian era Madura was celebrated all over India, Burmah, and, it may be, even farther to the east, for its great university and its great temple. At that time the university was its chief attraction; for while the temple, then of much less dimensions and splendor than to-day, had many rivals, there was no Eastern seat of learning that could at all compare with the university. The hand of time has, however, fallen heavily on learning at Madura, while it has pressed lightly indeed upon ignorance and gross superstition, as represented by Siva's mighty shrine. The very site, not to speak of the buildings, of the great college is now unknown, while the great pagoda of Siva is greater and more magnificent than ever. The temple is said to have been originally built about three hundred years before our era, but it was considerably extended, and, it may be, restored, by Tirumal Nayak early in the seventeenth century. As it now stands, the temple of Madura is the largest and one of the most splendid of the world's sacred buildings. It forms an immense parallelogram, about 850 feet long by 750 feet in breadth. It is flanked by nine huge towers of splendid architectural proportion and elaborate finish, each of which is pierced by a gateway, which forms one of the entrances to the interior of the temple. The towers are all alike, and are of such height that they are not only visible from all parts of the city, but can be seen from any part of the plain long before any other sign of the place is visible.

Like all other Hindoo temples, that of Madura is remarkable for the marvellous beauty of its architecture and ornament, and also for the dirt and general air of neglect which deface its interior and, to Western eyes, at all events, detract so much from the otherwise splendid effect. The temple roofs, supported by columns of every conceivable form, enriched with sculptures of gods, human beings, and animals—some of which are of surpassing merit, while others are grotesque, or even gross and revolting—do not cover the whole of the temple area. Here and there the dark though richly carved roof gives way to the clear vault of the sky, and a flood of gorgeous sunshine falls upon a sparkling lake, generally with a small shrine on an island in the middle, and flights of marble steps descending into the water to enable the numerous pilgrims to bathe themselves in the sacred tank. These bathing privileges are strictly reserved for the faithful, and it must be conceded that there is a certain propriety in the arrangement, as most of the poor, footsore, dust-stained wretches who swarm about the temple precincts, and may be found curled up and asleep in every dark corner, look as if ample bathing privileges would certainly render them better company for men if not for Hindoo divinities. The practice, which seems to be universal, by which the poorer pilgrims use the endless halls and corridors of the temple as temporary residences during their stay, is no doubt partly responsible for the fact that the sacred precincts are invaded by crowds of traders with their wares, which they spread on the floors, while they assail the passers-by with appeals for custom which make the long dim aisles and columned corridors resound again with the praises of their own and the unfavorable criticisms of their neighbor's goods.

## "HARPER'S BOOK OF FACTS."

A DICTIONARY, a gazetteer, a history, and a hand-book of science, all combined and based upon dates—that is *Harper's Book of Facts*. It was no small task the compiler, Mr. Joseph H. Willsey, set before him; for the demands of the reader of to-day are exacting, and the convenience of all classes of readers and students must be consulted. It would be comparatively easy to provide for the specialist, as each science has a language of its own, readily understood by the adept. But it is not simple to meet the wants of all, specialists and general readers, and by this test this compilation must be judged.

Let it be consulted upon the questions of to-day, bearing in mind that this is intended to be a hand-book, supplying the frame-work, which must be filled in, and indicating the main points which have been discussed, and the time in which the great discussions have occurred. Three national questions have been pressing for attention within a few years—silver, tariff, and administrative reform. On silver we find the production of the world and of the leading silver States in the United States; the commercial ratio of silver to gold from 1845 to 1893; the provisions of the Bland act of 1878, and the conditions under which that bill became a law; the coinage of the United States; and a definition of bimetallism, with a reference to the results of the Brussels conference. Here, in a few minutes, may be had the gist of the silver question, with the leading statistical facts necessary to a proper comprehension of it.

It is not likely the tariff question will soon be a dominant political factor, but this makes it all the more necessary to know what has been done in the past. For tariff has been with us since 1789, and will be until social dreamers have succeeded in devising some plan by which government may be rich independent of taxation. Turning to the article Tariff, we find a definition of the word, the imperfect colonial experiments, and a complete list of all tariff bills introduced, and passed or rejected, since the framing of the Constitution. Not only are the dates given, but the votes, the leading special acts, the average burden of duties, and (as an example of the thoroughness with which the task is done) all the steps which made the Wilson tariff bill the act of August 27, 1894. Under the word *taxes* will be found the laws providing for internal duties and taxes, and thus in the space of three pages is given all that is required for general information or a guide to the student on the past and existing systems of national taxes. No matter what the political question may be, the references are full, accurate, and well up to date.

The questions of the day are only one feature of utility of the book, and it cannot be judged by that alone. Any one who has read or written on history, whether American or other, must have been often puzzled and hampered by the difficulty of locating a person in time and place with greater definiteness than a continuous narrative will afford. It is all very well to be able to repeat the names of the Presidents, and the year of election (and it is in my remembrance that a prize was offered to the pupil who could repeat the list backward), but something more is necessary. There are the State Governors, the United States Senators from each State, and the leading events of State and municipal history which in the past often influenced the course of national policy. I doubt if many could give even a few of these important facts relating to their own State or city, but a half-hour with the *Book of Facts* will make good the deficiency, and in such a manner as to make the reading interesting. Of the history of each State a full account is given, while to the United States seventy pages are allotted; and it would be difficult to point out any important omission in this compilation of detail, with its many cross-references to such topics as the National Debt, Indians, the Navy of the United States, West Point, Pensions, Banks, and Presidential Vetoes. Nor are the references confined to the history of the United States. Nearly as full matter is given for the leading countries and nations of the world. If the first duty of a good citizen is to be an intelligent citizen, this hand-book will do much to remove any excuse for ignorance.

There are many topics of every-day conversation outside of government or politics on which accurate information is useful, and by no means easy to obtain at the moment. The second test of this hand-book will be even more severe than the first, because so much more general. The keen interest taken in all out-door sports makes it necessary to quote the names of the winners, with their respective records, and under Racing, boat, horse, and yacht, Bicycles, Baseball, and Football, these are given in concise and intelligible lists. Is it a question of scientific discovery? An answer will be found under such an article as Electricity. The general ordering of a science is more fully told under Geology or Ethnology, and even the important instruments of science are recounted under special chapters, such as Observatories, Colleges, and Universities. The curious may be entertained by reading of the forms of oaths, the leading trials, impostors, and conspiracies, and witchcraft in New England, and of the large diamonds of the world. Under separate enumerations, too, may be found the occurrences of the great famines, plagues, earthquakes, inundations, battles, and massacres, railroad accidents and shipwrecks—a veritable chapter of horrors, but one at times of far-reaching social influence. The invention of printing and earliest specimens of the art are well supplemented by a full list of the leading magazines issued in the United States and Great Britain. On economic questions a general definition is illustrated by statistics of a late day, making it a treasury of theory as well as of fact.

Another feature, and a particularly strong one, is the attention given to the history of the finer arts. To assign a painter, writer, or musician to his proper time, so that one may judge of the influences by which he was surrounded, is one of the most difficult of tasks at short notice. No biographical dictionary will give this information, while hand-books are not always readily accessible, and require time to be studied or consulted. This hand-book offers an admirable sketch of each art, with the leading artists in order of time, and their leading productions. Whether it be a painter, sculptor, musician, actor, or writer, he may be easily found, and his relation to others of the same profession determined. On the highest planes of thought, the philosophers and founders of religions (even of sects), with the outlines of their beliefs makes a background to the list of leaders and important events in the history of churches or philosophy.

In such a storehouse of information only a few of the leading points can be noted. It is not intended for the general reader merely, for it possesses qualities of immediate and increasing value to the specialist. The one will consult it for information; the other will require it to refresh his memory upon the leading facts relating to his profession or inquiry. No library can be so full in itself as to be called complete; and no library can be of such a character as to give a reader answer to every question that may arise. The time that can be wasted in the search for a date or name is appalling, even where a well-known event or person is in question. But this hand-book will give a speedy and true answer, and, filling many a gap in even the best-selected libraries, will be a useful and welcome addition to all. The arrangement of subjects is so intelligent, the array of facts so accurate, and the editing, by Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, so judicious, that they have resulted in a volume no reader can afford to be without.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

## THE CRICKET'S SONG.

FROM sunrise unto evenfall
The cricket in the old stone wall
Fifes merrily and with a will
His song so rasping and so shrill.
Doubtless he fancies in his heart,
While practising his lyric art,
That all his notes are sweet as those
That ripple in the noon's repose
When at the brooklet's crystal brink
Carols the merry bobolink—
So like that bird he overflows
With song to tell the joy he knows.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## DRILLING "DEFENDER'S" CREW.

IT is evident that the struggle for the homely piece of silver-ware which the schooner-yacht *America* captured in British waters in 1851 is going to be more exciting this year than ever before. Public interest has been wrought to a high pitch by the amazing stories of the new yachts, and by the dark hints of new and startling developments to be made in the old boats *Vigilant* and *Jubilee*. Quite as powerful a factor in stimulating public interest is the unflagging determination of our English adversaries to get that cup. It is an old story that an Englishman never knows when he is beaten, but that is not precisely a fair statement of the case. He knows well enough when he is beaten, but he is never contented to stay so. He must try again, and consequently he is coming over this year with a bigger and better boat than he ever brought before.

Preparations are being made to meet him with one equally good, if not better. The American designer has picked up some valuable ideas from the English, but the gentlemen who own the new *Defender* are fully aware that the race is not always to the swift. Mr. Iselin, the managing member of the syndicate, has expressed the opinion that this year's contests will be won by seconds. While that is perhaps an over-estimate of the closeness of the two boats in point of speed, it embodies a principle which cannot well be gainsaid. In every contest for the *America's* cup since the memorable races between *Puritan* and *Genesta* in 1885 it has been plain that in the art of jockeying the English crews excelled ours. This art has been carefully developed in England, where it is a prime necessity of yachting. The famous regatta courses there consist of several short legs, which are sailed over two or three times. It is not often that a yacht gets an opportunity to hold one course for more than five miles.

The result is that yacht-racing in English waters consists for the most part in beating two or three miles to windward, then reaching four or five miles, and next running a similar distance. On the windward stretch short tacks are absolutely necessary, and hence we find English yachts designed to be wonderfully quick in stays. The manner in which *Valkyrie II.* spun around from port tack to starboard, and filled away, astonished most spectators of the races two years ago. Now when yachts are built for quick handling, and have to be so handled on short legs, they naturally develop smart crews, and jockeying—or clever manœuvring combined with swift handling of canvas—becomes a fundamental part of racing. The English crews always lead us in the matter of taking in and setting canvas. An English crew will hoist a spinnaker loose and haul out the tack more quickly than an average American crew will get the same sail up in stops and break it out. If two boats are closely matched, then, indeed, the handling of sails may save the seconds necessary to a victory, though it must be admitted that this is less likely to be the case on our long open courses than in waters like those of the Clyde.

Mr. Iselin, however, decided early in the course of preparation for this year's races that the department of sail-handling should be brought to the highest perfection. To that end his syndicate secured the 90-footer *Colonia*, one of the yachts built to compete for the honor of defending the cup in 1893, and fitted her out as a drill-boat for *Defender's* crew. The crew itself consists wholly of American sailors engaged at Deer Island, Maine, where the smartest and hardiest of our fore-and-aft seamen are to be found. Heretofore yacht crews have been largely composed of Swedes and Norwegians, and every yachtsman is familiar with the Massachusetts boast that "Cap'n Aw-berry Crocker 'n' a crew o' Nawwidgins kin beat the 'arth." But there is virtue in patriotism, after all, and it is a comfort to those aboard *Colonia* in these days that they never hear any one adjured to "let 'e yib yun down."

*Defender's* crew is as smart a body of seamen as ever hauled aft a main-sheet, and for weeks past they have been undergoing a thorough course of drilling in the art of handling the canvas of a 90-foot sloop. It is quite safe to say that the crew of *Valkyrie III.* will not be able to show these lively sons of Maine any wrinkles in setting kites, and when *Defender* has covered her first twenty miles to windward and rounds the outer mark—ahead, as all good Americans hope—it will not be seven minutes, as it was on a certain other yacht, before her spinnaker and balloon-jib-topsail are driving her homeward to victory.

W. J. HENDERSON.

## THE VERY OLD AND VERY NEW AT WINSTON-SALEM.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the visitor may see a latter-day trolley-car speeding through a street some of whose quaint buildings antedate the foundation of the republic. In Winston-Salem one may see a throbbing modern commercial town, showy and pretentious, stirring alongside of a quiet, quaint old village that is a relic of the subdued religious spirit of the colonial period. In Winston-Salem one may rise at daybreak on any Easter morning, and while viewing modern business blocks, meet a procession that seems to have journeyed from middle Europe in a distant age. "Very early on Easter morning," says Miss A. F., to whom I am indebted for the information, "two trombone bands go into every Moravian part of the towns, pausing on each corner to wake the sleeping people with resurrection hymns. By half an hour before sunrise a large congregation has gathered in front of the church, the Easter litany is begun, and the company moves slowly up through the avenue, with its overarching cedars, while the trombones answer one another from the head and centre of the line. Through the middle gate they pass, the first band pausing under the four central cedars, where the first departing Moravian of the settlement was laid to rest, and the people, rank on rank, surround the squares, where the graves lie facing the east, with their plain flat gravestones newly washed, the sod freshly trimmed, and flowers upon the graves of those who still have living friends. As the day broadens, the concluding portions of the litany are prayed and sung, and the multitude goes home with the Easter sun shining full upon the scene." Visitors journey from all parts of the country to view this ceremony, and as many as 6000 persons have seen it at one time.

In 1753 what was called the Wachovia Tract was purchased by the Unitas Fratrum, or Moravian Church. Eight "single brethren" moved there, into a log hut in the woods, in February, 1766, and began to lay out a central town, to be called Salem, which means "peace." For a long time no one was allowed to hold land there, as the town grew in population, but this rule was afterward completely broken. In 1849, upon the formation of the county of Forsyth, the court-house in the new town of Winston was built at less than a mile of distance from the heart of old Salem, so that gradually the two towns grew into the present "Twin City," in which there is to-day no visible dividing-line. The place has one Chamber of Commerce, one electric street-car system, one set of lighting, of fire-alarm, and of telephone systems, but two governments, separate water-works, and separate fire departments.

The two towns are very unlike each other. Winston is a nineteenth-century creation, and Salem clings to its tone of the seventeenth century. Winston has its modern court-house square faced by banks, stores, and hotels; it has its factory district set apart, and also its precinct of handsome streets devoted to dignified villa residences. Meeting the spirit of this age, it has many churches, whereas Salem still has but one, the Moravian, usually crowded at service-times by those brought up to love it and by those who are fascinated by the peculiarities of some of the ceremonies. The centuries seem a trifle confused in old Salem, for a factory stands close to the oldest of its dwellings, and year-old houses all but jostle some that have outstood the allotted span of human life. Winston lies high, on sloping ground, and old Salem is lower, on a level. Both enjoy the stimulating climate of progressive North Carolina, ever mild, yet scarcely ever enervating.

These cities are credited in a recent year with a shipment of sixteen million pounds of plug tobacco, and of one hundred millions of cigarettes. Cotton and woollen goods are also manufactured there, as well as wagons and iron and wood working machinery. The assessed value of Winston realty is $3,638,000, against a million and a half for Salem. The tax rate in the newer town is 1.15; in the older, .70, and Winston has a bonded debt of $400,000, against Salem's $50,000 of indebtedness. These figures show the reader what, perhaps, he thinks of as the slowness of the older half of "the twins," but visitors agree that the backwardness of Salem is delightfully atoned for by its calm spirit and quaint appearance. Northern folk who visit even those very engines of industry, the tobacco factories, will scarcely find the work-a-day conditions as prosaic as if the business were not done by negroes. My talented contributor, who knows the place by heart, has jotted down some scraps of the bubbling songs that these ebon operatives chant and sing with floods of melody the while they work at full limit with bodies swaying and fingers flying. Here is a verse from one song:

"Ax'd my mammy fur er piece er bread—
Climb up tu der sky.
She hit me so hard I t'ought I was dead—
Climb up tu der sky.
Climb up, de little chillun,
Climb up, de olden chillun,
Climb up tu der sky.
Now's yer chance ter get tu hebben,
Climb up de six an' sebben,
Climb up tu der sky."

At times they sing their comments upon the merits and faults of the different factories in town, treating each one after this fashion:

"Befo' I'd work fer Simpkins, P. J.,
I'd walk all night an' sleep all day:
Walk all night tu keep f'om sleepin',
An' sleep all day tu keep f'om eatin'."

Salem is beloved by the modern slaves of the camera, who keep busy levelling their black boxes in every direction, now at some old-fashioned farmer coming in from the mountains with apples, chestnuts, and tobacco to trade for store goods, and riding in a rude wagon with a round top, and with frying-pans and a water-bucket bumping its sides and tail-board. But the old Moravian houses, with their red-tiled roofs, are the best quarry of the camera fiends—the ancient brewery, for instance, and the last-century bakery, still in use. The parochial school for boys is another of these relics of simpler times, and then there are the "Widows' House" and the "Sisters' House," wherein a widow or a spinster of the congregation may be independent, and transform a room into a "home" upon the payment of a nominal rental. Here, too, is the Salem Female Academy, occupying several buildings, founded in 1802, and ever since maintaining a high place in the favor of the Southern people. It is no longer old-fashioned. The girls no longer wear caps or prosecute their studies upon benches in class-rooms with sanded floors. Yet in its original points of excellence the old academy is unaltered. It is unsectarian and modern in its standards. To approach the home life that a boarding pupil must give up while at school the plan is to divide the girls, according to age, into "room companies" of eight or ten each, always with a lady in charge and constantly with the girls. Near the academy is the church, lacking less than five years of being a century old, yet as sturdy as if it were built yesterday. Here are seen some peculiar customs that the Moravians perpetuate. One of these is the practice of holding "love-feasts." In these a service of song is held, during which a bun and a mug of coffee are served to each worshipper, to be eaten and drunk while the choir sings an anthem. On Christmas eve two love-feasts are held—one for the adults in the evening, and in the afternoon one for the children. At the children's feast, after the mugs are carried away, the lights are lowered and lighted wax tapers are distributed among the little folks. The minister, holding his own taper, tells of the Saviour who heralded the coming of light to all the world, and then, through the dusk, the tiny beads of flame flit across the old square as each child endeavors to carry his taper home still lighted. There are other festivals and anniversary occasions that are peculiar to these people, who have managed to perpetuate the zeal of the earliest settlers amid the confusing discord of the active affairs of this era. But the same signs are as marked among the most practical affairs of the two towns. There one may see perhaps the oldest fire-engine in America, brought from Europe in 1785, side by side with the modern "steamers" now in use. And it is the same with the buildings; for just as it would be difficult to find an older-looking building than the Sisters' House of Salem, so it is not easy to imagine one that typifies the architecture of to-day better than the showy and beautiful house of the Wachovia Loan and Trust Company. Truly Winston-Salem—active mart of industry combined with staid centre of old-time religious zeal—is an uncommon and uncommonly interesting point on our map—a trysting-place of three centuries; an altar whereat the enterprise of to-day has mated with the peace of the past; a twin pair of which one is the best that was, and one is struggling to be foremost in all that is.

## MICHIGAN'S NEW STATE PARK.

BY a paragraph in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, which lately became a law, Congress has provided that the old fort and the national park on the island of Mackinac shall be turned over to the State of Michigan for a State park. At a time when the government is making national parks of all the great battle-grounds of the civil war, it has relinquished to a State one of the most historic spots on this continent—a place intimately associated with the history of the Northwest under the French and the English, and memorable by reason of its capture by the British in the war of 1812, and of the repulses of the Americans when they twice attempted to recover it during that struggle with Great Britain.

Probably, however, the result will be for the benefit of the thousands of pleasure-seekers who visit Mackinac each year; because the State will doubtless improve the natural advantages of the place, which the government had wellnigh neglected. Moreover, the withdrawal of the garrison, in pursuance of the policy of the War Department to concentrate troops at Fort Wayne, near Detroit, and at Fort Brady, near Sault Ste. Marie, made the station at Mackinac only an encumbrance. Hence it was that when Senator McMillan proposed to the War Department that the 1200 acres of land (nearly half the island) which comprised the government possessions be turned over to Michigan, the department willingly consented to such a disposition.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the territory lying between the Strait of Mackinac and the St. Marys River was known as Michilimackinac. Thither, in the June of 1634, Jean Nicolet, a young Norman, made his way, penetrating as far as Green Bay, whose waters he was the first white man to navigate. Standing on the long veranda of the great Mackinac Hotel, one looks across the stretch of water at the right to see the cliffs of the modern St. Ignace, where, on March 16, 1649, the Iroquois broke the power of their Huron foes, putting the Jesuits Brébeuf and Lallemant to the most horrible tortures, and retreating across the ice to their southern homes, their pathway lighted by the burning cabins of the Hurons, and their ears cheered by the cries of their victims fastened to stakes set in the midst of the flames. Visitors to Quebec may still see, in the Hôtel de Ville, the skull of Brébeuf, reposing under a silver bust of that martyr; and those who are curious to learn with what ingenuity an Indian could torture his victim will find in the Canadian Archives for 1884 a minute account of this particular piece of fiendish barbarism, written on the spot.

It was from St. Ignace that Joliet and Father Marquette started out, in May, 1673, on their successful errand to discover the Mississippi; and four years later Marquette's body was brought back there for burial. Just two centuries from the time his faithful Indians deposited his remains under the floor of his little chapel, Father Jacker discovered the long-lost spot of their interment, and marked the place with a monument, to which summer visitors now make pilgrimages. Into the clear waters of the harbor of St. Ignace, La Salle, in 1679, dropped the anchors of the *Griffon*, the first vessel to navigate the Upper Lakes.

At St. Ignace, too, Cadillac on the one hand fought the missionaries, who were so much opposed to the supplies of rum given to the Indians that they procured from the Sorbonne in Paris a decree against the sale of brandy at Michilimackinac, and, on the other hand, dealt effectively with the Iroquois by making feasts for the Hurons, at which entertainments he served Iroquois broth, and regaled his guests by tortures so inhuman as to give points to the savages themselves. When Cadillac founded Detroit, in 1701, he lured the Indians to his new establishment, and shortly afterwards the French mission and fort were removed to the south side of the strait.

In 1760, Canada having passed into the possession of the English, the post near the present Mackinaw City was garrisoned by the British; and here, in 1763, occurred the famous surprise and massacre which formed one of the many tragic events in the conspiracy of Pontiac. The story of the exciting escape of Alexander Henry forms one of the most brilliant chapters in Parkman's work. In 1781 the English left the mainland to plant their fort on the turtle-shaped island of Mackinac, the home of the fairies, and the spot about which Indian legends had gathered from time immemorial. Over the solid ice the troops hauled the barracks and other government buildings, and when the strait opened in the spring the traders followed, rafting their shanties. Two of the log block-houses and some of the stone quarters built at this time are among the buildings which the government is now about to transfer to the State of Michigan.

Mackinac was one of the Northwestern posts that the British refused to surrender to the United States after the Revolution, for the sufficient reason, as it now appears, that these posts commanded the fur trade which Great Britain was so anxious to keep for her own people. By virtue of Jay's treaty, however, this government came into possession of all these posts, and at the outbreak of the war of 1812 Mackinac Island was the headquarters of the American Fur Company, John Jacob Astor's enterprise. On withdrawing from Mackinac the British had established themselves on St. Joseph Island, which commanded the entrance to St. Marys River. It so happened that Astor, in his zeal to protect his stores of furs, had obtained from Albert Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, orders for the collectors at the various posts to receive and care for furs brought to them by traders. Astor's expresses quickly spread through Canada the news of the declaration of war, anticipating the information sent to our commandants by the slower advices of the War Department. Hence it happened that on July 17, 1812, a British force of regulars and Indians dropped down on Mackinac Island and captured the garrison before they knew that war had been declared.

In the centre of the island the British built Fort George, among whose ruined parapets is now an observatory whence the visitor looks out over one of the greatest waterways on the globe to St. Ignace, four miles to the right, and to Mackinaw City, eight miles to the left. In August, 1814, a force under the gallant young Groghan, the hero of Fort Sandusky, after destroying the British establishment at St. Joseph, attempted to recapture Mackinac. The attack was well planned, but from behind every tree an Indian poured into the ranks of the regulars so destructive a fire that, after the loss of four officers, the troops could not be rallied, and retreat alone was possible. Subsequently an attempt to blockade the island was equally unsuccessful, and Mackinac was not recovered until July 18, 1815, when the British surrendered the post at the conclusion of peace.

The romantic side of the fur-trader's life at Mackinac has been told by Washington Irving in *Astoria*, and in the first chapters of Constance Fenimore Woolson's romance *Anne*. Miss Woolson spent both summers and winters at Mackinac, and her little volume called *Lake Country Sketches* is steeped in the witchery and charm of the solitudes of that wild and romantic country. No other writer has so loved the Great Lakes and has had the power to communicate to others so much of the charm they have had for her.

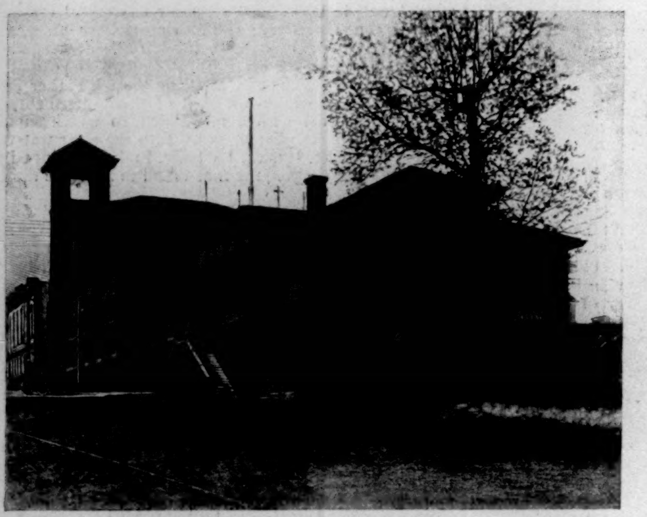
Besides a resident population of about two thousand, the island has a regular summer population that is housed in some forty cottages and villas, while the half-dozen hotels and the many boarding-houses accommodate their thousands. The reservation is thickly wooded, and drives and bridle-paths make a labyrinth of the forest, while those wonderful freaks of nature known as Arch Rock and Sugar Loaf present alluring backgrounds for the visitor who longs to be linked, if only in a photograph, with the sublime.

Now that the government has bestowed on Michigan so great a gift, the State will hardly hesitate to put the park into the hands of a capable commission, and to provide for the proper care of the historical places and natural features of the enchanting and enchanted spot.

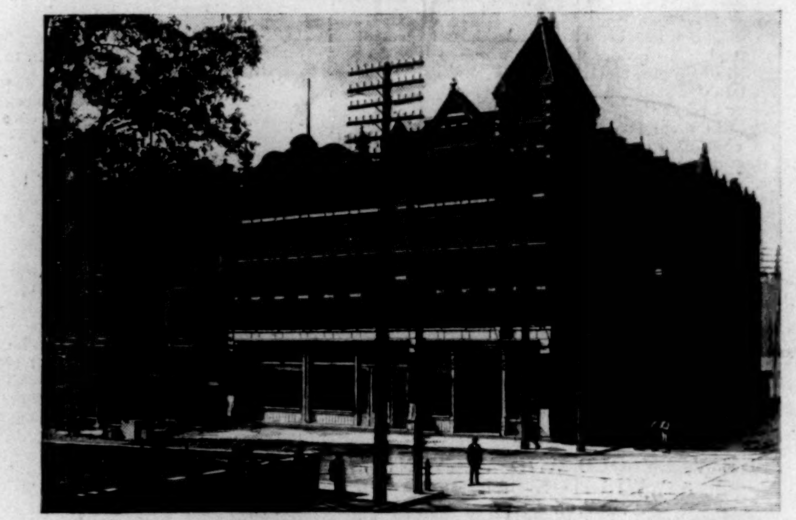
CHARLES MOORE.

THE SISTERS' HOUSE, SALEM, BUILT IN 1786.

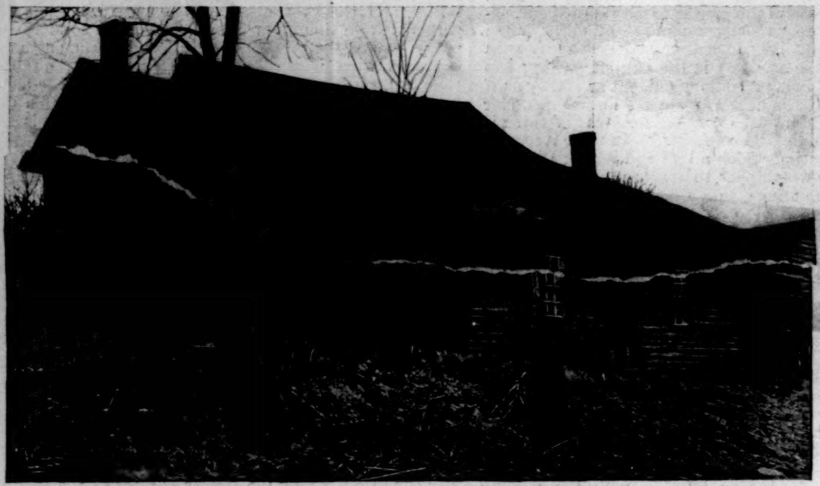
THE BROTHERS' HOUSE, SALEM, BUILT IN 1768.
Now used as a Home for Widows.



NEW CITY HALL, WINSTON.

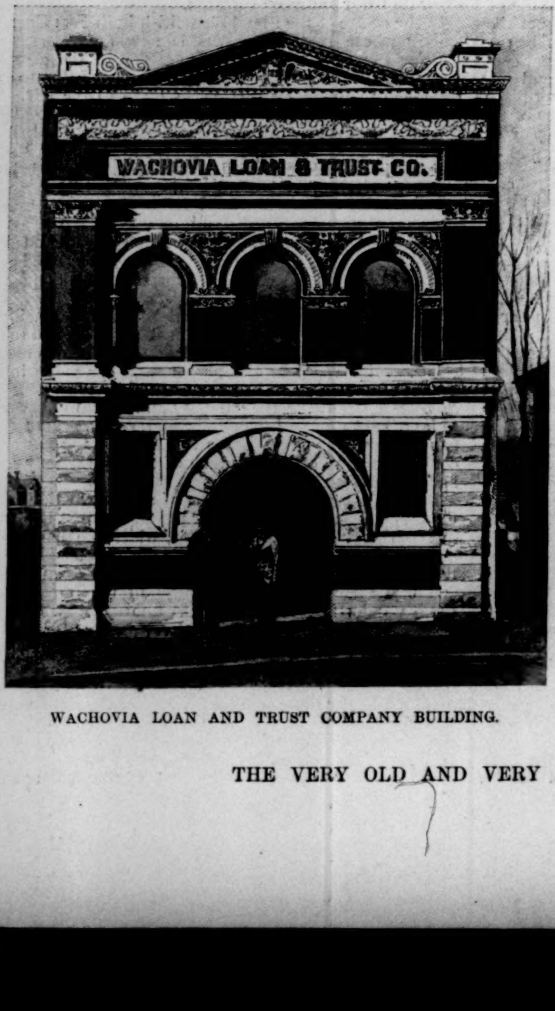


HOTEL PHŒNIX, WINSTON.

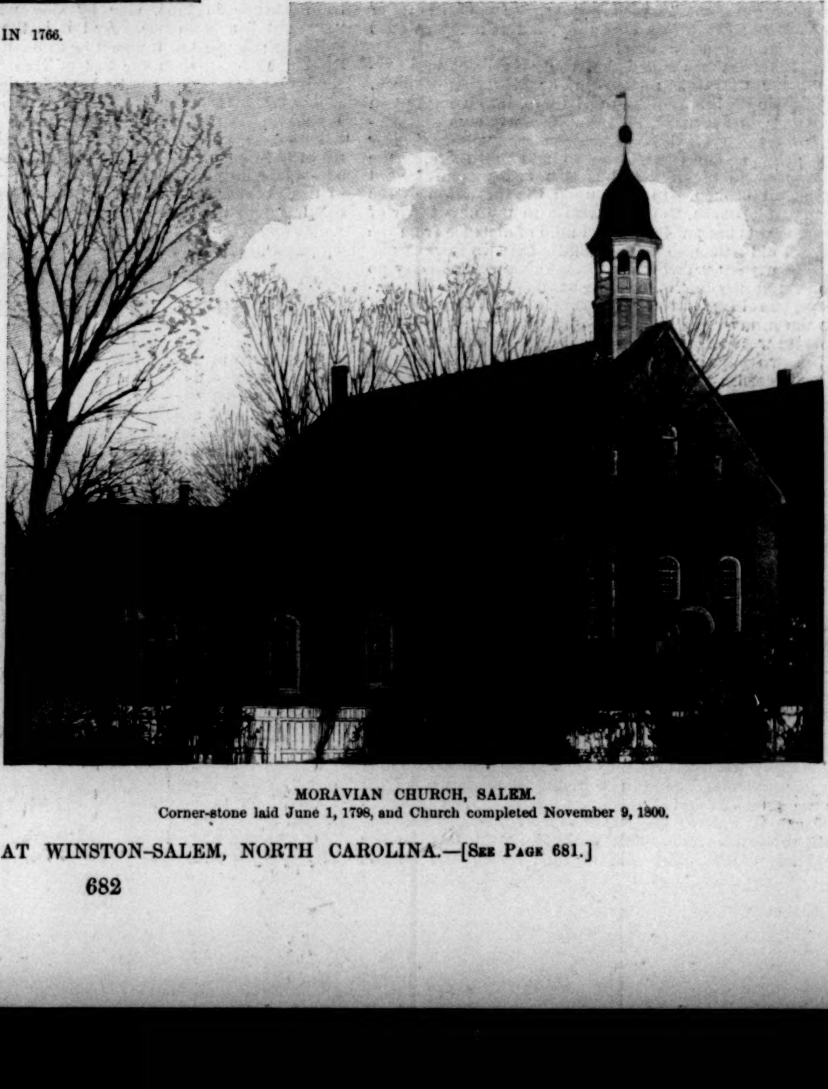


OLD POTTER'S SHOP—FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN SALEM, IN 1766.

MORAVIAN GRAVEYARD—"GOD'S ACRE"—SALEM.
No standing Monuments permitted.

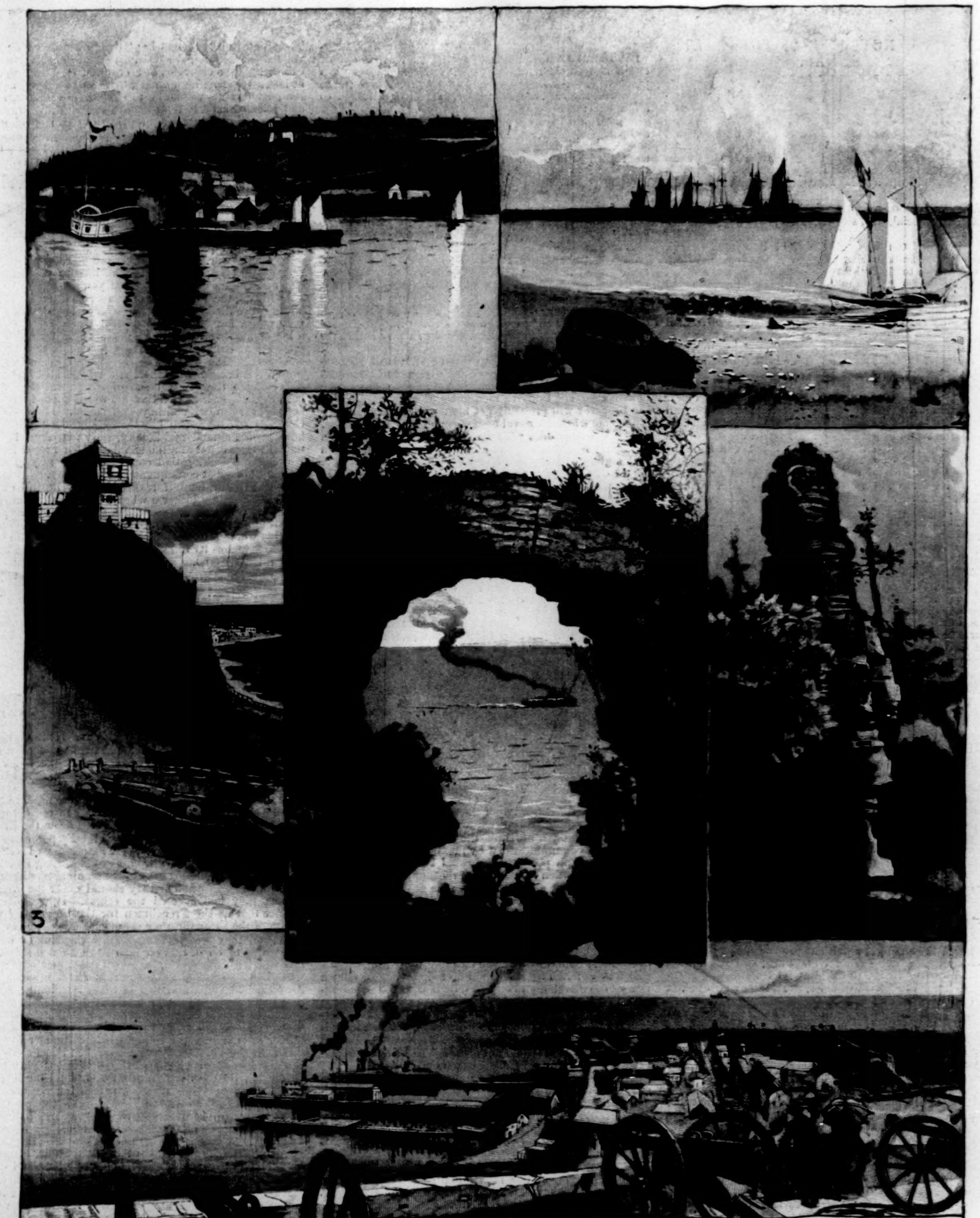


WACHOVIA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY BUILDING.



MORAVIAN CHURCH, SALEM.
Corner-stone laid June 1, 1798, and Church completed November 9, 1800.

THE VERY OLD AND VERY NEW AT WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 681.]



MICHIGAN'S NEW STATE PARK.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 681.]

1. The Fort from the Harbor. 2. The Strait of Mackinac. 3. The old Block-house. 4. Arched Rock. 5. The Chimney Rock. 6. Town and Harbor from the Fort. 7. The House of Anne.

# PERSONAL NOTES FROM THE BALTIC CANAL.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

It was ten o'clock at night on the eve of the anniversary of Waterloo that I found myself hopelessly confused in a labyrinth of canals leading between lofty warehouses with steep gables, and under ever so many bridges, from which crowds of passers-by stopped to stare down at the unusual sight below them. I had left the broad stream of the Elbe, and ventured to seek my way about Hamburg, paddling through its water streets, seated in my little canoe *Caribee*.

At last I reached a floating dock, where I found a custom-house official, who allowed me to store my canoe for the night.

I emerged from the depths of the rather smelly canal, and with one India-rubber bag in each hand, sallied forth into the town to find night shelter. To my amazement, the window of my room in the hotel I had selected looked out upon a lake blazing with light, and covered with boats flitting about in a fairy scene. In the midst of this lake was a fairy castle standing on a fairy island, and from it there went up gorgeous fireworks.

Hamburg was having a big dress-rehearsal, and it was well for me that I saw it, for the real performance was marred by heavy rain squalls.

Next morning I went down to where I had left *Caribee*, and presented my official papers to the customs chief. There was a great deal of bowing and saluting. And so off once more I paddled down stream towards Kiel.

But this time my progress on the broad stream of the Elbe was more difficult than in the tortuous canals of the night before. I came into a whirl of tugs and pleasure-boats dodging in and out from amidst great merchantmen and a fleet of men-of-war which had gathered here in honor of the great event. The water was as lumpy as off the Battery in New York Harbor when tide and wind are in conflict, and when all the ferries appear to be in a conspiracy as to who can run down the largest number of helpless canoeists. Every boat in Hamburg was gay with bunting. The shore-line was in holiday trim, and the men-of-war had spread to the breeze every bit of color they could find in the signal-room. From out of it all one ship loomed conspicuously clean and businesslike. That was the swift Yankee cruiser *Marblehead*. She was surrounded by small boats jostling one the other in frantic efforts to reach her long gangway; and the marine who was there on duty was having a lively time between the German he did not know and the English no one else understood. *Caribee* would have been killed in that crush, so I dropped under the *Marblehead's* counter and clambered up the long rope-ladder which dangled there, and which is apparently reserved for the crew in order to test the relative sobriety of the men who come home from shore leave.

The *Marblehead* is the best little ship of her class so far turned out in America or anywhere else, and at Hamburg she received more visits than all the rest of the foreign ships put together. Fortunately for me, I had a good friend in the wardroom, and that friend found very little difficulty in proving to my satisfaction that *Caribee* would get to Kiel more safely by being attached to the United States steamship *Marblehead* than by being paddled all the way to the mouth of the Elbe and so on. She weighs just eighty pounds, and so, with a bluejacket at each end, she was quickly hoisted up and snuggled away in one of the cutters at the davits.

And if you want to know the difference between the British and the Yankee tar, offer each a piece of money—the Briton takes it as a matter of course, the Yankee never. The sailors of the *Marblehead* treated *Caribee* as daintily as though they had got a pet kangaroo or monkey aboard; they knew she came from New York, and when they handed her back over the side at Kiel there was not a scratch upon her beautiful sides, nor a man who did not send her a smile of good-will.

That night Hamburg gave a huge dinner to the Emperor and his guests. It was an edifying thing to see the absolute Kaiser of all the Hohenzollerns sit down to table as the guest of a respectable Burgomeister representing the commercial republic of Hamburg. The shield of democratic hospitality acted favorably upon the spirit of the Emperor, and the speech which he made on that occasion might fitly have been made in New York or Chicago. So well did the Kaiser harmonize with his surroundings in the "Free City" of Hamburg that we cannot but regret that he has not yet decided to visit the great republic, where so good an after-dinner speaker would be in most congenial surroundings. Chauncey Depew and General Porter would have to look to their laurels had they to speak at the same table with the German Emperor.

The Senators of Hamburg wore long clerical gowns, with a ruff at the neck suggesting the age of Queen Elizabeth, as a man with his head through the wheel of a safety bicycle. It is very effective when one survives the first funny effect of this mediæval garb.

The American ambassador, in the uniform of a major-general, waited long and impatiently for a carriage to carry him to the railway after dinner. The Spanish ambassador was in the same predicament. But neither the tongue of New Jersey nor that of Castile and Aragon could secure from the Senators of Hamburg the desired conveyance, and so I had finally to see the representatives of these great powers hurtled off in a one-horse cab, each explaining to the other in language neither quite comprehended that things in Hamburg were not done as they would have been done in Newark or Madrid.

There were three hours of vacancy between leaving the dinner given by the Hamburg Senate and boarding a special train at half past midnight, which train was to carry the guests of the Emperor to the mouth of the Baltic Canal. Luckily for me, a Senatorial policeman mistook the badge of my yacht club for the sign of an imperial admiral, and promptly hailed a carriage driven by a coachman with elaborate livery. This team I was requested to use at my pleasure, so I said, "Drive about and let me see the town." We found the streets jammed with wondering people, all swaying with the forces about them, uttering cries of delight when the rockets burst, and totally regardless of pickpockets. So dense was the crowd at one point that a young lady appealed to me for protection, and of course I opened the Senatorial carriage door and at once made her free of the city Hamburg. To my delight, she explained many things to me that before I had not known. We drove about together, somewhat indifferent to time. She assured me that she was of excellent Hamburg family. If this is so, Hamburg is a place where Americans ought to go to learn German. However, my experience in the matter is too limited to allow me to express an opinion.

At half past twelve a sleepy crowd of princes, generals, diplomatists, legislators, foreign officers, and more besides, stood in and about the Hamburg station waiting for the train to the canal. My good fortune placed me between a semi-intoxicated Turkish officer and an argumentative member of the Reichstag. Between the two I fell asleep and dreamed of limp uniforms until nearly three o'clock of the morning of Thursday, June 20, 1895, the memorable day when *Caribee* went through the Baltic Canal—the first canoe to do so.

It was daylight when we boarded our respective steamers. The Emperor led the way on board the *Hohenzollern*, and steamed off to Kiel at about half past three. My quarters were on the largest ship that passed through on that opening day, the *Columbia*, of the Hamburg-American Line, which had been chartered by the Emperor for this occasion. We had on board some three hundred members of the German Parliament, many of whom had never seen a ship in their lives.

It was a grand idea that of bringing all these Congressmen to Kiel at the expense of the nation, and there giving them a kindergarten object-lesson in the needs of the new navy. The Congressmen got a glorious picnic, and the Emperor will probably get his money back by a generous vote when the naval budget comes before the House.

The Emperor does not spare himself—he certainly did not spare his guests. Not an hour's sleep did he get on that night of 19–20 June, and his guests fared no better. As the sun rose, the foreign men-of-war that had been in Hamburg arrived at the mouth of the Elbe and commenced to lock through into the canal. Our steamer was one of the early ones to pass through, so that I could not see the *Marblehead* lock through. But as we lay at the side of the canal there passed us the Italian and the Austrian despatch vessels, both small craft. Between the locking out of the Italian and that of the Austrian there elapsed thirty-three minutes, so that we may conclude that half an hour is the best that any one lock can do on the average. It would certainly have taken much longer for a ship as big as a first-class ocean liner.

For eleven hours we steamed through this sixty-mile canal. We stuck fast once for five minutes, during which we reversed our engines vigorously, and thus got off. We touched bottom so many times before and after sticking fast that I ceased counting. Obviously this canal will not do for our long and deep Atlantic liners unless it is made straight. Our speed was five and a half miles an hour, and our steerage was so slight that the bends of the canal caused us much difficulty.

The royal English yacht *Osborne* stuck fast, so did the Russian man-of-war, and so did the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, of the North German Lloyd, another vessel chartered by the Emperor for some of his guests. So here were four vessels out of the twenty-three that stuck fast during this trip. There may have been more, but I know of these four. With the exception of the *Columbia*, they all stuck for nearly an hour before they were released. The *Marblehead* got through all right, though she jeopardized international communications by making her hawsers fast to the telegraph poles on the canal banks while trying to hold her position at the time of the stoppage. She only arrived in Kiel at about half past nine at night, and Captain O'Neil was therefore among the last to arrive at the grand ball given at the naval college that night.

It might be expected that after such a night and two such days there would be a short rest. But no. At five of the clock on the morning of the 21st the Emperor was out again, and likewise on the morning following.

It was as much as man could do to keep his eyes open during the eleven hours occupied by that memorable transit through the canal. At every village the good people had congregated with noisy bands of music, local volunteer firemen, school-children bearing flags, veterans in high hats and sashes—these cheered the ships, and the ships tried to cheer back, but the cheers got feebler as the Emperor's guests gradually dropped asleep.

There was a momentary excitement when two hussars who had been galloping close to shore suddenly began to disappear in the bottomless bog. One went down to his waist, while his horse disappeared to his ears. By resting on their lances laid flat on the surface of the ground they appeared to secure momentary relief, but I have not heard the result of this strange event.

At any rate, it gave us an idea of the difficulties attending the building of this canal—difficulties that are well appreciated by engineers who have worked upon the great flats between Jersey City and Newark.

On arriving in Kiel my first care was to see how *Caribee* was, launch her once more, and paddle about on a voyage of discovery. First of all, to see the cruiser *New York*, a vessel that struck me as altogether the best thing of her class at Kiel, and greatly admired she was too by experts there. In fact, the Kiel days were proud days for the great Anglo-Saxon people. Great Britain and Uncle Sam shared honors evenly. England had the heaviest; United States, as usual, the speediest and most original. And when night came, and the harbor was illuminated, once more the Germans had to acknowledge that the English-speaking cousins had made far and away the best show.

In paddling about the long bay of Kiel I could not find my way for the vast number of ships at anchor. The trees were so thick I could not see the forest. Men-of-war are impressive enough from shore, but when seen from the bottom of a Rob Roy canoe they look monstrous indeed. Even the poor tubs sent by Turkey and Portugal seemed important from this point of view.

While I was threading my way in and out of the shipping one morning, trying to find a friend on one of the yachts, a torpedo-boat swished by me, and the lieutenant in command bawled out that I was in danger, as a fleet of ironclads was coming in, making straight for me. Under ordinary circumstances an ironclad fleet is conspicuous enough, but on that morning the flag-ship was upon me, looming high up, before I was aware that any vessels had left their moorings. I paddled for dear life, and managed to get shelter under the bows of an ironclad at anchor, when the whole German fleet came steaming past me, led by the flag-ship, commanded by the Emperor in person. The huge iron monsters kept their distances with marvellous precision. They threaded that harbor as a hansom cab threads the obstacles of a crowded thoroughfare, and at last, after steaming all the way through the fleets of assembled foreign visitors, turned close to the Americans, and steamed back to their moorings.

The main social feature of the great canal opening was a dinner spread for more than one thousand guests in a place which outwardly looked like a man-of-war of the seventeenth century, and which inwardly represented the main-deck of that man-of-war draped with flags. A famous Berlin caterer served the meal, receiving 100 marks, or $25, for each plate.

The Emperor, with a large number of crowned heads, princes, dukes, transparencies, and other ornamental functionaries, had tables at one end of the vast tent, upon a slightly raised platform which simulated the poop of a huge man-o'-war. The tent over this great gathering was so large that it appeared capable of holding several circus rings on the Barnum scale. And yet, in spite of its vast proportions, the words of the Emperor, when he rose to speak, were distinctly heard by every one present.

It was a notable speech in that it addressed directly a larger number of representative people from different classes and countries than any previous one, so far as I can recall. The diplomatic corps from Berlin was addressed, and also the members of the imperial Parliament; he spoke to the commanders of every war-ship in the harbor, with the intention that his words should reach the countries from which they had sailed. Each state of Germany was represented by its royal head, and the ruling houses of England and Russia, Italy and Austria, were there in the person of some member of their royal family. Nothing was lacking that could lend solemnity to a moment full of great consequences to Germany.

The Emperor himself realized this to its full extent. On every occasion hitherto when I have heard him speak after dinner he has addressed his guests with the energy and the hesitancy combined which with him indicate that his words are the product of the moment. On other occasions he has let fall words obviously suggested by the dinner itself, and more than once he has used language which his ministers have subsequently sought to explain if not to deny.

But at this dinner he marked the importance of the gathering by producing ostentatiously a large sheet of paper and reading therefrom, in clear measured tones, the speech which has been flashed by cable to every corner of the earth.

Peace was its message. The gospel of Cobden in so far as a soldier could express it. Commercial intercourse, international good-will, the blessings of peace—these were the themes on which he dwelt in a gathering representing more battle-ships than had ever before been gathered together for a courteous purpose.

The French admiral was present, and some of his officers. The Emperor took pains to treat this nation with conspicuous politeness; but the French fleet, for answer, exchanged courtesies only with Russian sailors, and steamed away from Kiel while the ceremonies were but half over. That was a jarring note, but not called forth by any act of Germans. On the contrary, the entertainers showed a disposition to show the French more than formal courtesy. When the Emperor steamed in review past the war-ships of France, he was followed by a vessel bearing a large number of Reichstag members. Before reaching the French ships an animated discussion took place as to whether they should cheer the Frenchmen as they had cheered the others. It was decided at once that as the Frenchmen for the time being were guests of the Emperor, they should receive cheers of welcome, and they were given with a will. But no official notice was taken of this on board the French ships. A few isolated sailors grinned and waved their caps; that was all. And every newspaper in Paris rejoiced that Frenchmen had partaken of German hospitality, and in so doing had treated the entertainment with contempt.

And in this Russians set an example that must have given equal satisfaction on the boulevards. At the great dinner in Hamburg the German Prime Minister was presented to the Russian Grand-Duke Alexis. Prince Hohenlohe bowed with a completeness that left nothing to be desired on the part even of an Oriental despot; but it was not low enough for a German in the presence of a Russian. The Grand-Duke Alexis, who is the late Czar's brother, treated the German Prime Minister as though he had been a lackey or a passing tourist, made a few commonplace remarks in the manner of one affecting indifference, and then, after about thirty seconds, dismissed him curtly, turned on his heel, and strolled up and down the rooms like a man impatiently waiting for his carriage.

It seemed all done by prearrangement, that the French ambassador might be able to write to Paris and report that Russia had not merely shown enthusiastic affection for France, but had indicated conspicuous indifference to Germany.

But Germany is not the loser by these expressions of bad feeling. She has behaved with dignity throughout, and even Frenchmen will come to see that their behavior at Kiel was not in harmony with the reputation they have jealously guarded—that of being a polite people.

The canal is now open, and we shall soon learn how far the commerce of the world will profit by the great work; and the next war will probably tell us whether it is worth to the German navy the vast sums spent upon its construction.

But, however these answers come, the Baltic Canal must be regarded as a most important monument. It was built within the time originally specified, and practically within the estimates originally approved. The work was done wholly by free labor, and these laborers were well paid and well treated. There is not a detail in the making of this canal about which a German need observe reticence; on the contrary, from the daily wage of the last laborer to the salary of the highest official on the pay-rolls, the record is one creditable to a great country.

Our American railways are built by contractors and subcontractors, who often treat their men with violence and fraud, as I know too well; the Suez Canal was done by forced labor—in short, the great works in this and past ages have been made with the instruments of despotism. The German has made a great work, and he stands almost alone when he says, with pardonable pride, It was done by free labor, and paid for freely out of the pockets of a free and united Germany.

# PUDGEEN RILEY'S WATCH.

BY ERNEST JARROLD.

> "His whiskers dragged upon the ground,
>   He was horned just like a deer,
> And all the childer ran away,
>   Whin the Billy did appear.
> The pictures on tomato-cans
>   And circus bills galore,
> He'd ate 'em wid dignasity
>   And lift up his mouth for more."
>
> —*Annals of the American Goat.*

**Draped** in filmy haze, with dried grasses rustling beneath her feet; about her falling leaves, painted gold and crimson by decay, her brow fanned by the cool breath of autumn; to the music of rustling cornhusks, the whir of the partridge, the whistle of the quail, and the insistent jug-o'-rum of the bull-frog, October came tripping over the hills to Cooney Island. Pudgeen Riley's billy-goat, in the captivity of a clothes-line, stood on the sunny slope of the old field in dreamy contemplation. He was half full of grass. With lazy indifference he glanced at the sky of deepest azure. Afar on the horizon he saw the smoke of a forest fire. He sniffed the winelike air as the twilight fell. Oppressed by a longing for a succulent cabbage-stump he lifted his head and uttered a plaintive ma-a-a-a. Then he lay down and went to sleep.

The sun had already dropped behind the cemetery, splashing a crimson cloud with emerald and orange, when Mrs. Riley stepped to the back door of the shanty to look at the clock in St. Mary's steeple, half a mile away. But the deepening twilight and the fact that time had worn the gilt from the hands of the clock proved too much for her sight. She went into the shanty and closed the door.

"Since Paddy pawned the clock," she muttered, "there's no tellin' is it daylight or darkness. Faix, it's hard times for the poor, and Paddy only workin' half-time, and nothin' comin' in but the nanny's milk. And there's Pudgeen's birthday comin' too, and I wantin' to be givin' him a little present. Oh dear! it's thrubble, thrubble, thrubble, as the goat said whin the donkey bruk his ribs."

Thus Mrs. Riley communed with herself as she put the potatoes on the stove to boil for supper and laid the dishes on the table. And while the water bubbled merrily in the pot, she sat before the fire and tried to think out the puzzling question of what kind of a present to give her little boy and how she could obtain the money to secure it.

"He's a darlint child, a brave gossoon, is my Pudgeen," she murmured to herself, as she sat nursing her knees and gazing into the fire. "Now what 'll I give him? He'll be comin' home soon. I wonder what time is it? Oh, I have it, I have it!" she exclaimed, with delight. "I'll buy him a watch! Usha, why didn't I think of it before? Mrs. O'Brien is afther tellin' me they only cost wan dollar and a half, wid a key in the handle. Oh ho, may the divvil fly away wid me, but won't I laugh wid joy whin I see him struttin' around like a turkey-cock wid a watch in his pocket? I wonder how much I have saved up?"

Mrs. Riley knew to a cent how many cents she had laid away by the exercise of the sorest self-denial. She knew before she went to the closet and fished the old stocking out of the hole in the wall that there were only seventy-six cents in her woollen savings-bank. With jealous care she poured the money out into her lap, separating the one and two cent pieces and the nickels into as many piles. She was no arithmetician, and her brow wrinkled with anxious thoughts as she counted over and over again the pieces, every one of which was eloquent of her love and self-sacrifice. Her eyes grew moist as she thought of her boy's exultation when he received the present.

"Thare's the two five-cint pieces I got from Bridget Murphy for the head o' cabbage," she muttered. "And here's the twinty cints I didn't spind for car fare goin' to mass. Dear, dear, but 'twas hot on the road thim days! But, glory be to the saints, it's all over now, and I have the money. And there's the three cints I was goin' to put on the plate at church and didn't, God forgive me! I wonder will I be punished for that?"

Thus Mrs. Riley communed with herself, handling each piece of money with tender solicitude, until approaching footsteps warned her to hide the small treasure; for she intended to keep the present a secret. Then it occurred to her that she had only half of the amount required to purchase the watch, and the perplexing problem presented itself, how was she to secure the balance? This was a serious question. For several days she turned it over in her mind, until it flashed upon her that the nanny's milk might be turned to good account.

"I might sell that ould baste of a billy," she muttered, "but I'm afeered Pudgeen likes the goat betther nor he would the watch. But there's the nanny. She's given a pint a day of milk fit for a quane. It's good for consumption and lumbago and rheumatiz, and I ought to get tin cints a pint for it, divvil a less. In eight days I'd get enough money to buy the watch. Eighty cints and sivinty-six cints is how much? Let me see," counting on her fingers. "Sivinty-six and wan is sivinty-seven, and wan is sivinty-eight," and so on, until she found that if she could dispose of the nanny's milk for eight days she would have six cents more than the amount required. But who would buy the goat's milk? This caused her much anxious thought, until she went to Mrs. Rogers, the wealthy widow, for whom she washed every week. Now Mrs. Rogers had a marked dislike for goat's milk. She would not have drunk a pint unless it was to save her life. But when Mrs. Riley told of her little boy, and her desire to make him a present, the widow exclaimed:

"Now that's a curious coincidence, Mrs. Riley I was wondering only yesterday where I could procure some fresh goat's milk. It is a remarkably refreshing and strengthening fluid. I think it would be highly beneficial to my health. But are you sure you could furnish it fresh, Mrs. Riley?"

"Faith, I could that, Mrs. Rogers," replied the delighted mother. "Don't Pudgeen milk the nanny every day with his own two hands, alanna? And I could bring it to you warrum from the milkin', before the crame has a chance to gather on the top of it."

And so the compact was made. It was a situation of extreme delicacy which Mrs. Rogers passed through when Mrs. Riley brought the first pint of milk to her. And after the happy mother had gone the widow threw the milk out of the window. Gradually the store in the woollen savings-bank increased. Often, when her husband and her boy were asleep, Mrs. Riley would get out of bed, light a candle, and sit in the kitchen to count with ever-increasing satisfaction the hoarded money, while her face beamed with anticipation and delight. Waking and sleeping, the idea of Pudgeen's present never left her mind. Her face wore a broad grin, and her frequent chuckles awoke the suspicions of her husband, who began seriously to suspect that she had gone crazy. Her anticipation was further whetted by frequent visits to the jeweller's window. Here she would stand for half an hour at a time looking at the watch which she intended to buy for her boy. It lay swathed in cotton in a green paper box in the window, surrounded by gleaming diamonds and sparkling rubies. There were other watches in the window, glistening golden timepieces with chased backs; but the poor woman realized that these were far beyond her fondest dreams, and she never wasted a thought upon them. There was an irresistible fascination for her in the little metal hand which ticked off the seconds; but, try as hard as she might, she could not see the minute hand move.

"Faith, it's for all the world like a livin' cratur'!" she exclaimed, with awed admiration at the metallic mystery.

Thus the wonders of human mechanism filled her mind with vague conjecture, and the knowledge that she unaided was to be the means of putting such a marvellous phenomenon in the hands of her boy filled her heart with gratification so intense that her eyes became humid at the thought.

How slowly the days dragged by! With what exceeding deliberation did the sun go down each night behind the hills! And Nature clothed herself with charming witchery to the eyes of the enraptured mother as she murmured, "God is good to my b'y and me!"

And when the eventful day arrived, and the last ten-cent piece was added to her savings, how her heart beat as she hurried down to the jeweller's and poured out upon the glass case her precious store!

"Give me the watch in the grane box," she said. "And would ye throw in the box wid it? I'll give six cints for the box, it's all I have. It's for me little b'y," she answered to the inquiring look in the jeweller's eyes as she received the watch with hands trembling as with the palsy. "It's his birthday to-morrow, and I'm goin' to make him a prisint unbeknownst to him. And ye'll be kind enough to say nothin' about it if ye should see him."

The jeweller drew his handkerchief from his pocket with unnecessary quickness as he followed Mrs. Riley to the door and watched her run with eager steps up the street. At twelve o'clock that night Mrs. Riley sat before the kitchen fire, wrapped in a shawl. In her lap lay the watch, which she had brightened with a piece of cloth until it shone like a looking-glass. Having no money to purchase a chain, she had tied a shoestring to the ring of the watch. With bated breath and stealthy footsteps she went into the boy's room. With infinite care and tenderness she slid the watch under his pillow, and listened with beating heart at the door to assure herself that he had not detected her. Then she went to bed, and dreamed all night about watches with hands ten feet long

At five o'clock the next morning Mickey awoke with a yawn and turned over. In the stillness he detected a faint sound beneath his pillow. At first he thought it was an insect in the wall. But the sound was so regular and constant that he lifted the pillow and saw the watch. A prouder boy never strutted on the face of this old planet than Mickey as he tied the shoelace to his button-hole, dropped the watch into his waistcoat pocket, and went out on the back stoop to regulate St. Mary's clock and the rising sun with his wonderful chronometer. Breakfast had no charms for him. After thanking and kissing his happy mother, he went out to milk the nanny, timing the operation by laying the watch on the ground and watching the "weeny hands go 'round" as the milk shot into the pail. The cupidity of all his friends was awakened that day, and dozens of boys watched him pry open the back of the timepiece with an old jack-knife, to the serious injury of the case, so that they might "see the little wheels inside."

But joy is never wholly unmixed with pain. Late in the afternoon Pudgeen felt in his pocket for the thousandth time in order to put the watch to his ear to hear it tick, but the watch was not there!

If lightning had struck the house the boy could not have been more severely shocked. Even the old billy-goat seemed to participate in the general grief which filled the shanty. Every hole and corner was ransacked without avail, and the wildest conjectures were indulged in.

"Millia murther, me heart, me heart is bruk intirely!" said Mrs. Riley, sadly, as she got down on her knees to scrub the kitchen floor. The goat was wandering about the room in his usual contemplative fashion, when he happened to pass Mrs. Riley. With that acuteness of the senses which is sometimes associated with grief, it occurred to her that possibly the goat might have swallowed the watch. She knew that the timepiece was wound up, and jumping to the conclusion that the animal had varied his usual diet with metal, she placed her ear against the ribs of the goat and listened. Then, with distended nostrils and flaming eyes, she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Pudgeen! Pudgeen! that ould baste has the watch inside of him! I heerd it tickin'. Quick! Get the axe 'til we kill him. Shut the dure, so he can't get out."

"Hoult on!" exclaimed Mr. Riley. "Let me listen. I don't belave the cratur's throat is big enough to swally the watch, but you hoult him by the horns 'til I see can I hear it."

Mr. Riley placed his ear against the goat's hide, and listened long and intently. He could hear a faint muffled sound inside the animal, and rising to his feet, he exclaimed,

"Pudgeen, I'm afeerd yer mother's right, and the omadhoun has the ticker in his carcass."

But to make sure they tied the legs of the goat together, even though he protested with ardor and vigor, and laid the animal upon the table. Each listened in turn, including Mrs. O'Brien, and all were positive they could hear the ticking of the watch inside the goat.

"Now, Pudgeen," said his father, "it's your turn to listen. Shure you have eddicashun. You know all about conchology and hepterotomy and science. Put your edicated ear down forninst the billy to see can you hear the watch tickin'."

Pudgeen removed his hat, and placed his ear close to the fore shoulder of the goat. At first he could hear nothing, but gradually a slight heaving and a faint muffled sound caught his ear. It was not a sharp metallic click, such as he had been listening to all day, but a smothered beating. A look of disgust came over his face as he cut the cords which bound the goat, and lifting the animal down to the floor, exclaimed:

"Faith, that's not the tickin' of my watch. It's only the batin' o' the cratur's heart."

Just then the nanny-goat, alarmed by the bleating of her husband, appeared in the doorway. Around her neck and pendent from the shoestring hung the lost watch. With one accord the household rushed toward the nanny, and as Mrs. Riley tore the timepiece from the nanny's neck, Pudgeen, shamefaced and abashed, exclaimed:

"Tare an' ages! Now I remember. Whin I milked the nanny at dark I hung the watch around her neck for a necklace."

# THE BARON DE HIRSCH TRADE SCHOOL.

**The** story of Baron de Hirsch's long line of benefactions has become part of the history of our era. Over two continents—Europe and America—his bounty stretches, while in the Orient his name is a household word. In the United States the work of the Baron de Hirsch Fund Trust, founded by a gift of two and a half millions a few years ago, has been directed along educational lines—the maintenance of agricultural and similar colonies, chiefly in New Jersey, where a fair number of Russian immigrants can be taught the lesson of self-help, and take part as producers in the development of their adopted country.

In addition to more ambitious work among the colonies, it was felt that a beginning should early be made to teach useful trades and occupations to as many as desired such special training. At least it was determined to teach the elements of a few trades, so that the immigrant, after rapidly acquiring the English language, might be enabled to earn his way as an assistant, and gradually to fit himself by practical employment for something better than the rudiments.

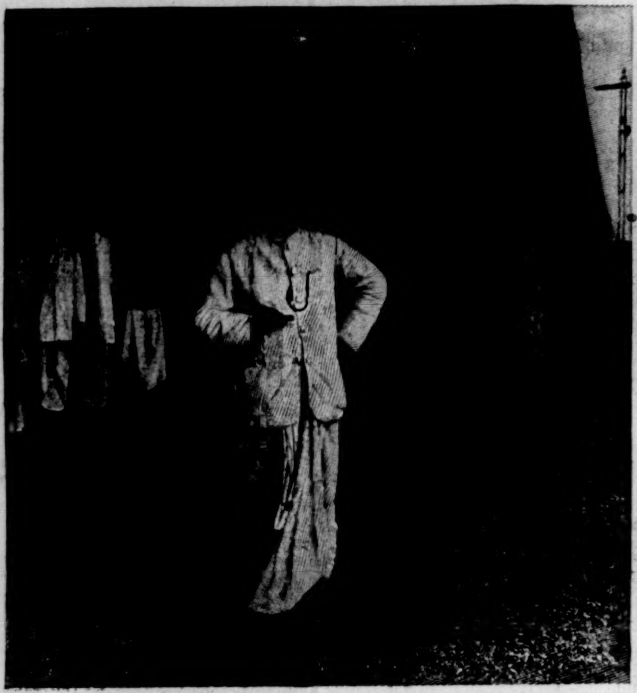
It is now four years since the Hirsch Trade School was organized at 225–227 East Ninth Street. Last year the entire course of instruction was reorganized under the management of Mr. J. Ernest G. Yalden, and the first class, of twenty-three young men, was graduated in February, the second, of twenty-three, in June. It is expected that the classes, which are taught by five teachers, will largely increase under the present thorough and comprehensive method of instruction. In equipment and system this school bears favorable comparison with any existing school of its special character.

What a modern miracle—to take these young Russian and Roumanian lads, wholly ignorant of English, foreigners of the most foreign type, fresh from a land of political and social disfranchisement, and to convert them after a few months' training into sturdy practical American mechanics! The photographer's art can show the result of such a course of training in a series of pictures that do not appreciably differ from views that any trade school might disclose. But no power can reproduce those vital, yet unconscious, changes in bearing, appearance, manner, physique, in the eye, the mind, the heart, which developed the rude unkempt immigrant into the type of the true wealth of our country—the educated working-man.

The courses of instruction, offered free, extend over six departments—plumbing, carpentry, wood-turning, machinery, house-painting, and sign-painting. Each course is five and a half months in length, but so satisfactorily is the work done that the graduates, without exception, find no difficulty in securing remunerative employment. Two classes are entered yearly, in January and in August. In addition to technical instruction, English and arithmetic are subjects of study, while from time to time evening lectures are given on general, scientific, and ethical topics.

From his entrance the pupil in any course realizes that his work is serious. Every exercise must be neatly and thoroughly done. There is no attempt to hurry the student, but his anxiety to advance is properly curbed until his progress can be assured. It is often pathetic to watch the young men, whose ages average about twenty. Their earnestness and enthusiasm make them apt scholars. They are grateful, like children, at a word of praise. They appreciate the opportunity they enjoy and the advantages they possess, and are inspired by a genuine love of labor which means future independence for themselves and their families. A brief summary of the courses of instruction may be given here. In the plumbing and gas-fitting shop each pupil completes a set of exercises in lead-work, and learns the use of cast-iron, wrought and galvanized iron pipe. In house-painting, plain painting, kalsomining, paper-hanging, and the preparation of stencils are taught. In sign-painting, the course extends over drawing, color preparation, wood and metal lettering, scroll and ornamental work. In carpentry and wood-turning the exercises are very numerous, and include all the fundamental operations of wood-work, while boxes, cupboards, house trimmings, and a small cottage are built by the class. In the machine-shop, equipped with five 12-inch and two 18-inch lathes, two drill-presses, two planers, and many hand tools, the utmost care is paid to numerous elementary exercises, and later the class, divided into squads, can complete a copy-press or similar article of construction. Throughout the course the pupils are required to listen to lectures on the tools, material, and operations of the trade. The practical nature of the instruction is further illustrated by the visits which the pupils are required to make, under the guidance of a teacher, to large shops, where profitable hours may be spent. A fairly extensive course in drawing is also given, with exercises in practical geometry, the drawing of plans, elevations, and sections of objects, and at last the making of simple working drawings.

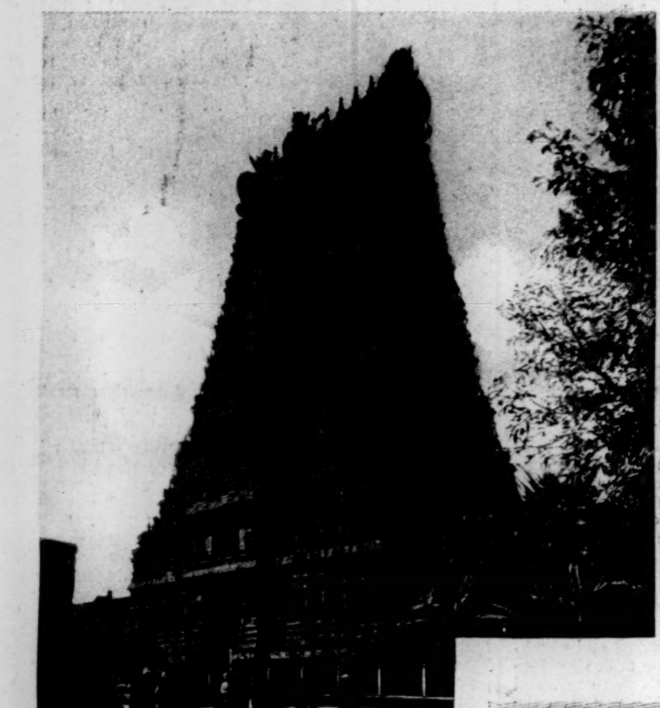
It must be understood that the aim of the school is not to graduate skilled mechanics, but to develop a taste for manual and industrial labor, and to fit its pupils to become more successful at their calling and to add to their value to their employers. The forethought of the Hirsch Fund Trust is evidenced by the gift of a kit of tools which each graduate receives, while efforts are made to obtain employment for all.



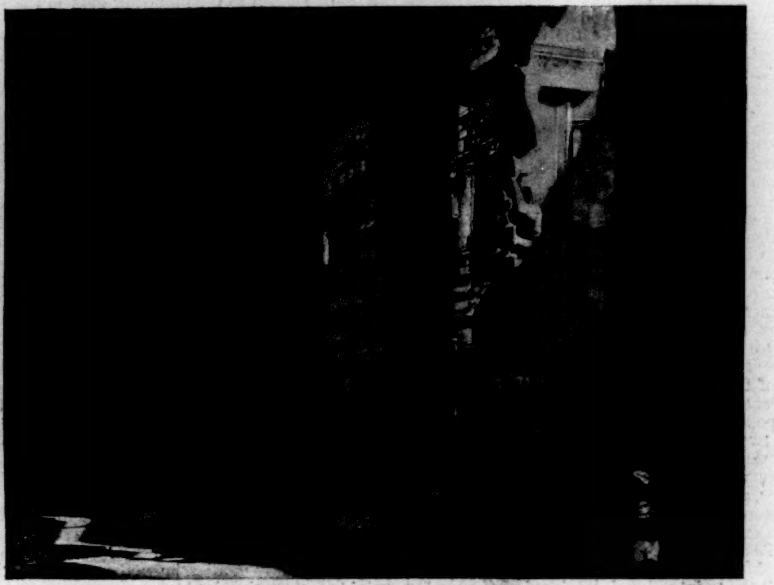
THE STATION-MASTER AT MADURA.

A STREET PROCESSION ACCOMPANIED BY VISITING PILGRIMS GOING AROUND THE TEMPLE.

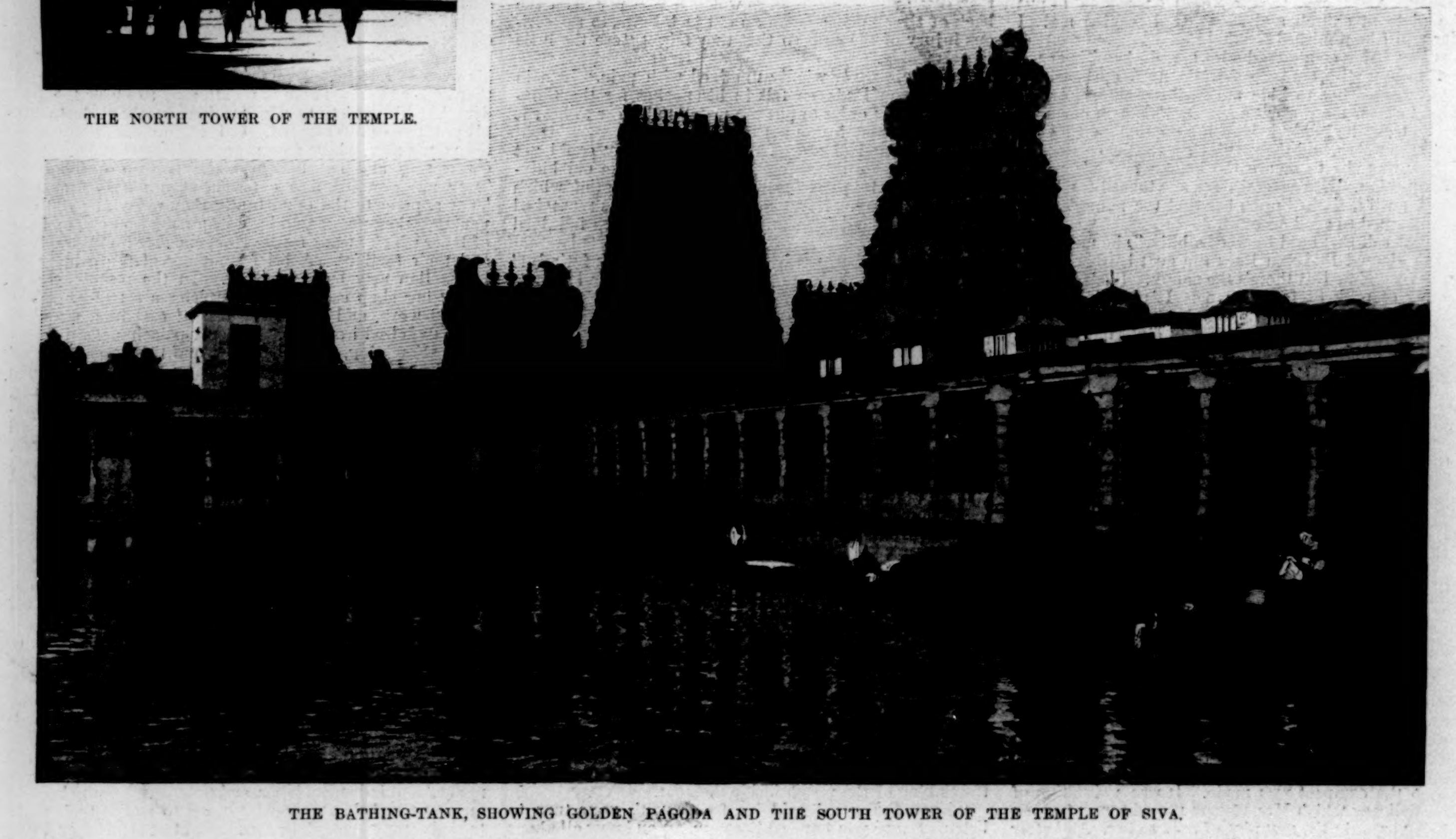
A SIDE STREET IN MADURA.



THE NORTH TOWER OF THE TEMPLE.



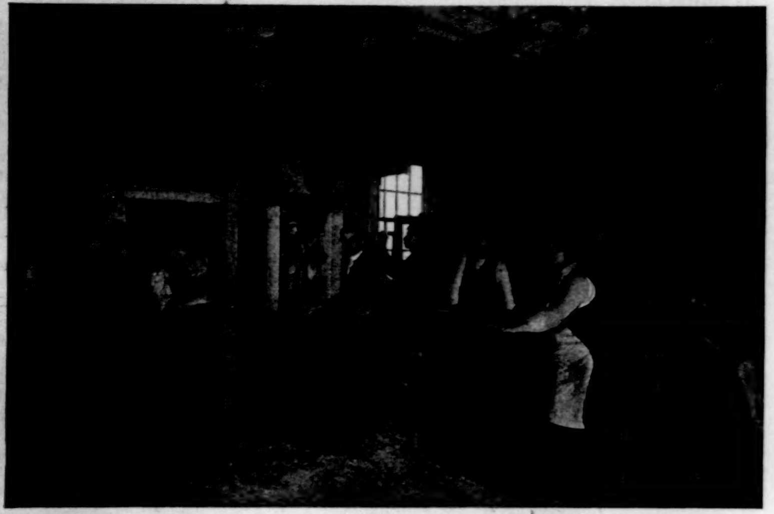
TEMPLE OF SIVA—ENTRANCE TO HALL OF A THOUSAND COLUMNS.



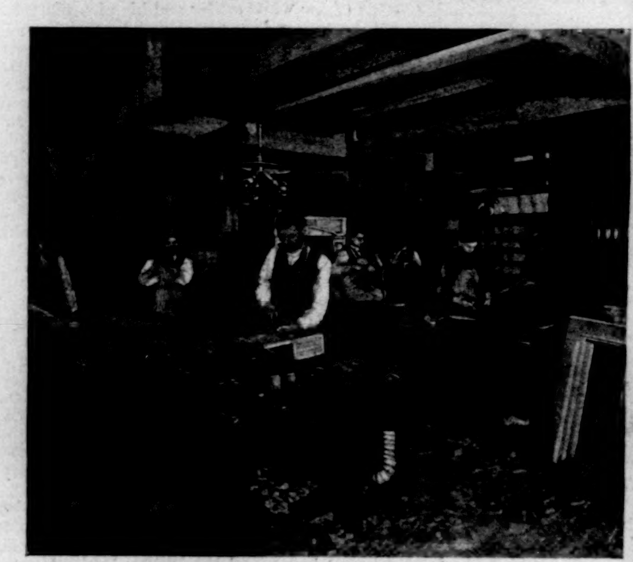
THE BATHING-TANK, SHOWING GOLDEN PAGODA AND THE SOUTH TOWER OF THE TEMPLE OF SIVA.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN INDIA—MADURA.—Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 680.]

THE PLUMBING CLASS AT WORK—TEACHER INSTRUCTING.



CLASS AT WORK BUILDING A SMALL COTTAGE.



THE CARPENTER SHOP.

PAINTING
DEP

SCROLL, ORNAMENTAL, AND SIGN PAINTING CLASS.

THE MACHINE SHOP.

A FREE NEW YORK TRADE SCHOOL—ONE OF BARON DE HIRSCH'S BENEFACTIONS.—[See Page 685.]

## A COSMOPOLITAN—MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

PERSONALLY it satisfies Mr. Bigelow to call himself an American; and that word is beginning to be used in so broad a sense that it covers every one who believes in the good destinies of this republic. He has the additional claim of a long line of New England ancestors, ending in Mr. John Bigelow, who is his father. Bigelow himself will no doubt be highly offended when I call him a cosmopolitan, or a citizen of the world, but since that will not invalidate his claims as to the detail of his Americanism, I shall so describe him; and, after all, it is much more difficult to be a cosmopolitan than an American, or any other person with one language, one set of prejudices, and curious hour for eating his breakfast

The reason why I am asked to write about Mr. Bigelow is that I discovered him. It was in 1879, while he was the editor of the *Yale Courant*. I had such aspirations as all artists have, and I discovered that he would print one of my pictures, which he did, so I lay claim to the original discovery of Mr. Bigelow; and also, I can add to that, I made a rediscovery some years later, when he published some more of my pictures in his magazine, *Outing*. He sinned against the public, and cannot expect me to divide the responsibility.

This sketch is supposed to be a biographical shy at him, but I think biographies interest no one but the subject of them until they are about—roughly speaking—a hundred years out of print. There are exceptions to this rule, but I do not think Bigelow would advance any claims. In order to progress I must say he was born in 1855, and he himself began to be interested in what was going on in the world when he found himself in Paris, at the age of five years, where he had been taken by his father, who was an American minister. He was there for seven years, and absorbed his French through his skin. His French to this day is not of the experimental kind, but something which any cabman can understand. The years from 1870 to 1873 were spent in Germany, and there he absorbed German and played at Cooper's Indians with the boy who is now Emperor of Germany, and was duly "rounded up" and spanked by the same pedagogue.

He had inherited the English language, and having absorbed two more, the microbe of cosmopolitanism began to generate. He lost his taste for herding sheep in Colorado, or ploughing up the gray turf of the bounding West, or some other American career which might have been open to him. The cultivation of this germ has gone on ever since, in such a way that it makes a very long story. Its first manifestation was at the end of his Freshman year at Yale, when his health gave out. He started around the world on a sailing-vessel. They doubled Cape Horn, wound around the shores of New Guinea, and the ship was totally wrecked on the Japanese coast, and the Freshman got on shore by a miracle. Some Japanese woodcutters had to be persuaded with a boat-hook not to end his promising young life right there. He staid in Japan three months, and got the language, or a big piece of it, and then to Peking. He made a highly adventurous trip to the Great Wall of China and beyond, the account of which he subsequently published in a book illustrated by himself, in consequence of which it hung fire in the second edition. He returned to California and did the Great West, without being inspired by the steer industry or the possibilities of town lots. Back in New Haven he was discovered, and graduated in '79. He studied law, but nature asserted itself, and he went to London as a foreign correspondent for the New York *Herald*. He married Miss Jaffray of this city, and it was just after my rediscovery of him when, one sunny morning in the early spring, he walked out of the office of the *Outing* magazine, of which he was editor and part owner. The mania for travel had seized him, and the magazine had to wait. This episode will indicate that he could never have been a distinguished business man in the sense that *Bradstreet* would indicate.

He had now "struck his gait," as it were. He followed literature and his own inclinations, which took him all over Europe. He was an ardent canoeist—one of the most adventurous of the cult, in fact, and has paddled his *Rob Roy* over nearly every large river in Europe and many here. He was the first man to paddle a canoe through the Iron Gates of the Danube, and to sail one around the islands of St. Thomas and St. Kitts in the Caribbean Sea. I knew of this fame of his, and desiring to catch a few beams of reflected light, I participated. We selected the Russian coast of the Baltic as a likely place, but up in St. Petersburg the Russians took the view that we had better not do the thing, and as they had all the arguments on their side, we gave up the enterprise.

Mr. Bigelow's writings are so well known to the readers in America, England, and Germany that I will not catalogue him, but rather tell what a perfect traveller he is. He does not make a "god of his belly," as I have discovered on occasions when it was dinner-time and something else was going on which we wanted to see. He would calmly postpone the dinner hour until bedtime, and then keep that date instead of trying to work in the previous one. He can, nevertheless, bring all the facts to bear on a chafing-dish when necessary, and travel third class all night, with a shake-down in a big overcoat which he carries, and which has had ten years of eventful history. He has led me into some little evasions of the Russian police which made goose-flesh, and into a bath full of ladies of the Mohammedan faith, whose friends thought well of a proposition to kill us, and nearly got me into a court ball once, which would have been worse. He does not select of necessity the shaded lanes in which to sing or imitate with his lips a Hungarian band, but does it on the boulevards or the Strassen of the big and conservative cities. He sits up all night in the café chantant in Algiers and sings songs with the chasseur d'Afrique, and it is all one to him whether it is the heartiest kind of a function in the great capitals or a break-down in a peasant's barn on the lower Danube. He knows half the distinguished soldiers and diplomats of Europe, and goes to the reviews and manœuvres on horseback behind emperors or on foot with the peasants, as the case may be, always singing or digging for facts—he has, by-the-way, a genius for facts—and yet this happy bohemian is hardened by a queer altruism, the result of a long line of old Puritans who were always unselfish enough to add the responsibilities of the rest of the world to their own. He would have liked to follow a public career in the United States, as many of his people had before him, but his generation called for scoundrels and peak-headed, pigeon-brained men in public life, and to simply be honorable and intelligent was not enough. There are always men—and America has its quota—who think far ahead because they have thought far behind, and because they are what is well called "level-headed," and when the dollar citizen gets up on his hind legs and thinks he is free and knows it all, he can well pause—better men do. Possibly this may not always be so, but if it continues to be so, America will need soldiers and not statesmen to control her destinies. However, he has made a career for himself in Europe, and his services may some day be utilized by his country in the diplomatic service, if we ever come to understand that the public service is better performed by such as he than by a man from our remote rural districts who has to hire a dress suit and an interpreter.

If you were to ask Mr. Bigelow what he was, he would in all probability answer, a historian. That statement could be verified by a glance at his studio, which is littered and piled with German manuscripts, books, prints, and maps, all of which he is boiling into a history. I do not care for him particularly in this rôle, for it's dull business at best. I like his little stories of his travels, his studies of current politics, his manœuvre stuff, and his knowledge of the earth. I even like his greatest eccentricity more, and that's an odd business when you have to take it for a week on a stretch. It is maps. He has thousands of maps—quarter-sectionings of Iowa, military frontiers, rivers and lakes, railroads and waterways—and he studies them whenever he sits down. He belongs to all the geographical societies, where the members wave their arms wildly at each other, and cannot even sit in their chairs from excitement, and where the stranger finds later that the whole fuss is about a nasty little creek in Central Asia; but that's better than history, because there is no excitement about history; it's all over, or will be, when this goes to press. FREDERIC REMINGTON.

## FREDERIC REMINGTON.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN one of the treaty ports of China, last autumn, the annual pony-races had been held, and some of the gentlemen riders were at a dinner which I attended. "I only wish that Frederic Remington had seen one of the races we ran to-day," said one of the gentlemen. "What? do you know Remington?" I asked, in surprise. "Know him?" answered two or three at once; "I rather think we do." And then the first speaker added, "If only he could come out here and paint our ponies—well, they'd be properly done, that's all."

The instant I called Remington clearly to mind I saw that he must interest vigorous men all over the world; that there was no strangeness in his being known everywhere, even in far Cathay. For his work is but the far-thrown reflection of his own robust personality. Of powerful build, with half his life yet unspent, with such a temperament and such health as to keep the bloom of boyhood on his face and heart, what bounds should narrow his field? Add to this the lightning speed of his thought and speech and movement, and we see the source of his incessant work—that is ever as strong and as freshly new as his interest in life. It is because I know him intimately that I am asked to write this, and yet there lies the difficulty about the task. There is so much that is entertaining that may not be told by a friend. Suppose, for instance, that it was fair for me to disclose him at work at his home in New Rochelle—but that would give no new view of him, after all, for it would only show him, just as the public would expect, surrounded by military trophies and curios of the red folk of the plains, as hard at work as every one knows he must forever be, or riding gloriously on a huge horse, when close application has brought too great a strain. Thus, even if the reader might trespass upon his home, no news would come of it.

Suppose that I should dwell upon Mr. Remington's gift as a humorous artist—upon his Thackeray-like knack at portraying a character or a scene with a rollicking pencil? Or fancy me vaunting my privileged knowledge to tell how grave and deep are his thoughts upon current human events; how the editorial instinct that he has inherited leads him into original reflection upon the trend of the times, until one fancies that if he were a writer—and he is an uncommonly able one—he might produce another *Battle of Dorking*, or a later *Looking Backward*. Mr. Remington has at least as many sides as these views of him suggest, and each is a very strong and marked development. The humor that pushes his pencil when it is off duty is part of a well-spring of bubbling fun, which finds constant expression in his thought and speech, and that is so deliciously original and so peculiarly American as to make all who have drunk of it wonder, with some regret, that he does not give it to the world. But he does not, and so I may only touch these characteristics with a hair-trigger pressure, and pass on to show why the most vigorous and busiest artist in America turns only his most earnest side to the public.

It is because he is nearly alone in a field so large that, to attempt to fill it, he must give it all his time and work. Other men make sketches and studies of Western life. Other men make pictures of the American soldier, and of his respected enemy the Indian. And many other men make pictures in which horses figure—very many and frequent horses that are as lifelike as can be. But no man in this country so much as Frederic Remington has dedicated his life to the study of these themes. He is, in a sense, a war artist in peace as well as on the instant that any troops are called upon for serious service, and find him on the ground. He loves the American soldier as much as he appreciates his value to the republic—and that is tremendously.

Mr. Remington is also conspicuous in a field which I personally think is of no less value than that in which he stirs our pride in our army. He alone of all Americans whom I know, or know of, is anxious to leave a pictured record of the conquest of the country west of the Alleghanies. I know—and here comes private knowledge again, with its persistent sacrilege—that Mr. Remington cherishes the hope of some day extending his bold and stirring panorama to include the French settlement of Canada also, with all the color and glitter and romance and picturesqueness that went with its beginning. He loves these phases of history.

I hardly need to say that he loves the horse, but what not every one knows is that he has said he would be proud to have carved on his tombstone the simple sentence, "He knew the horse"—provided that he works hard all his life in the study of that faithfulest of our brute allies. The greatest book that was ever written tells us that to master ourselves—which is, of course, to know ourselves—is greater than to conquer a city, and in that light it is much less to merely know the horse. But what a commentary it is upon the force of a single individual! what a tribute it is to the strength of specialized industry to analyze the career of this artist! He had been an artist since his babyhood, without knowing it. He fancied himself a man of affairs, of business. He succeeded with the usual luck of a highly imaginative man in trade, and then walked, almost literally, into New York and asked the editor of a magazine to let him draw some sketches of the Indians, who had given him even more anxiety than the other live-stock on the ranch he had abandoned. Indians! Could there have been a subject less to the taste of the average editor or citizen of that time, when we were supersensitive about Indians, and were bent upon convincing the British and German investor that there were no Indians on Broadway, or in Ohio or Chicago, or, in fact, anywhere in America? From Indians, Remington went to the regular army for inspiration. The soldier! Do I say too much or too little if I assert that we thought of the soldier only for what he had done in the rebellion; that as a nation we thought of the regular army of the day only as it was an organization that contained a few heroes of the civil war, and, for the rest, was a little force kept out West to hold the Indians in check? Very much farther West the army was regarded with livelier interest, but I state only the fact in saying that Remington's first sketches of our soldiers on active duty on the plains, in their summer slouch hats and in their winter uniforms, were pictures that surprised and educated as much as they interested the masses of our people. The third phase of his great specialty was the march of the white settler and his pioneers, the cowboys and prospectors, over the Great West. The subject had been treated by others, but he took it up with a vigor of admiration and sympathy that became contagious. He peopled our minds with the actual characters in the thin thread of humanity that was linking East to West. They had been shadows before, but he gave them flesh and blood.

That was the life-work that this strong intense dynamo of a man first took up only seven or eight years ago. He has prosecuted it so strenuously that we had almost forgotten there was a time when his field was not within our vision—a time when we were not in sympathy with his rugged people. We almost forget that there was a time when we were not keenly alive to the merits of our soldiers—not the old mess-room heroes in the sluggish garrisons of the East (for they are no kith or kin of Remington's people), but the valorous, active "youngsters" on the frontier to which he introduced us. We almost forget that we did not always know and admire the whole little army of the rough riders of the plains, the sturdy lumbermen of the forest, the half-breed canoe-men, the unshorn prospectors, the dare-devil scouts, the befringed and befeathered red men, and all the rest of the Remingtoniana that must be collected some day to feast the eye, as Parkman and Roosevelt and Wister satisfy the mind.

Last and best of all the secrets of his success, best of all the secrets that I suspect his admirers of not knowing or thinking about as much as they should—Remington always paints and draws the truth. Without imitating any Frenchman, without an inspiration that he consciously owes to France, he yet is French in the stubborn allegiance to the truth that he puts in every picture he makes.

## ·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

A WRITER in the New York *Tribune* speaks of the late Frederick Locker as "the most distinguished writer of *vers de société* this or any other time has known," and disparages Praed in comparison with him as "a man of less austere ideals," and one who never rose quite above the solid earth which the twinkling sandals of Locker's muse never quite touched. If one regards it as an essential characteristic of a writer of *vers de société* that he should not be a real poet, perhaps Locker was better in that field than Praed. Locker used his eyes and his wits in his verse-making, but his heart not much. Perhaps Praed was a little nearer the earth, but if so, was he not the better poet for it? There is really some substance to Praed's verse, some human sentiment, some human feelings. He put his heart into some of it, so that the reader still finds it there. Praed caught the flavor of the springtime of life, the courtship period, the time of play and of sentiment, as a clever youth knows it, who is well-bred and well-mannered, and has at his command his full share of the sweetness and the light of his generation. One need not disparage Locker in praising Praed, for Locker is charming too. But Locker seems more artificial. Locker was the better, perhaps, at conveying the sheen of a patent-leather shoe, but Praed gives one the real perfume of the real rose. It may not have been the rose as it grew on its bush; very likely it was the rose she wore in her hair; but it was a rose. Experience, the jocund and yet showery experience of youth, goes to Praed and finds itself mirrored. Praed has experimented, and he is sympathetic. As a youth he must have been a great squire of dames, often in love and often out again, or as nearly out as a youth who is capable of being really in love ever gets. There is real life in Praed, a real man, and a gentleman at that, though always a young one.

Did Locker ever write anything so good as Dobson's "Autumn Idyl"? The present critic would rank him not only below Praed, but below Dobson too.

Persons who would like to go to the seashore this summer and can't are invited to find what small solace they may in the thought that if they stay inland their postage-stamps will not stick together, and the gum on their envelopes will not effect unauthorized and untimely adherences, but will stay unstuck until it is licked. Their black shoes will not mould, either, nor their gloves suffer damage from fog. These are small consolations, but they are better than none, especially on cool days.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich named his candidate for the British laureateship before the death of Tennyson. He described him in verse as "Greek Sappho's son," a "finder of undreamed-of melodies," and to a reader who was puzzled to identify his man he wrote that he meant Swinburne, but that he was rather proud for once of having proved to be obscure.

Swinburne's fine verses in the *Nineteenth Century* on Cromwell's statue suggest that he may have grown tired of waiting, and accepted a retainer from the other side. When he asks,

> "How should Cromwell stand
> By kinglets and by queenlings hewn in stone?"

he lays himself open to the suspicion of not possessing the true laureate temperament.

Speaking in extenuation of the very rich, the *Evening Post* observes that "to the vast majority of the community the disparity between their condition and that of the man with ten thousand dollars seems as great as the disparity seems to the latter between his fortune and that of the millionaire." No doubt it does. Very likely it seems much greater. The income of the majority of the community must be considerably less than $500 a year. The difference between having that amount flow in, rain or shine, in sickness or in health, in good times or bad, at regular intervals, without the intervention of labor, and earning it by physical labor under a master, must be very much greater than any difference that depends on the comparative sizes of surplus incomes. Income beyond a rather moderate amount is in the nature of a plaything, and there is not such an immense choice in playthings as most of us think. The fortune that it is important to have is that which secures independence, increases opportunity, and that helps its possessor to develop his powers on the lines of choice instead of necessity. There is abundance of cant spoken and written about the disadvantages incident to very large means, but in all that chaff there is really some wheat. Society seems to be in a constant conspiracy to make the burdens of millionairedom bear a reasonable correspondence to its privileges. It doesn't succeed perfectly, but in considerable measure it does succeed, and for that and other reasons a very rich man who proposes to get a great deal out of life must make up his mind to work just about as hard for it as if he were merely well-to-do.

Somebody reports that Mark Twain has announced his intention of returning to his home in Hartford after his lecturing tour and making that city his abiding-place. Here's a hoping that Mr. Clemens will return from his tour so rich that he will need to ask nothing further from the world except society and insurance. He can get both in Hartford, and when he wants a change of either, or anything else, New York is a suburb of Hartford, and he can find them here.

It is evident that some sort of an inquest will have to be held over the Renwick collection of "old masters" before it can be received by the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Renwick bequeathed his collection to the museum on condition that it be kept together and put in a room by itself. The trustees therefore cannot choose what pictures they want from it and reject the rest. Mr. Renwick was a man of intelligence, distinguished in a profession that is nearly related to art, and had been gathering pictures in Europe and this country for forty years. His knowledge of the old masters is said to have been broad and deep, and it seems inconceivable that he should have been deceived by wholesale as to the quality of his purchases. The catalogue of his collection includes works by Velasquez, Murillo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Rubens, Van Dyck, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, Guido, Domenichino, and very many other less famous artists; yet the collection is almost unknown in New York, and the opinion is confidently expressed that a very large proportion of the paintings are bogus. So much has been said and written since Mr. Renwick's death about these pictures that whenever they are shown they will excite much interest. The museum has a year in which to decide whether to accept them or not. It has been suggested that the executors of Mr. Renwick's will put them on public exhibition within that time and give every one who thinks he knows "old masters" a chance to exercise his discernment in inspecting them. If the pictures are not what Mr. Renwick believed them to be, their acceptance by the museum would be as little to the advantage of his memory as to the museum or the public.

Lord Acton, the new Professor of Modern History at the University of Cambridge, does not believe in historical "whitewashing." He wound up his inaugural lecture, delivered last month at the Divinity School at Cambridge, with the exhortation "never to debase the moral currency, or suffer any man to escape the undying penalty that history inflicts on wrong." There was a general tendency, he thought, to let off any historical culprit who pleaded that he knew no better, or was badly surrounded, or had long been dead, and so we had come "to understand with humiliating sympathy many unhallowed lives," and to be swayed by the philosophy that says whatever is, is right, and "justifies Providence by shaping the future after the ratified image of the past." But in the lecturer's opinion whatever is a man's notion of the last four centuries, such, in the main, the man himself must be.

> "Under the name of history they [these centuries] cover the articles of his creed. That history touches us so nearly, and is so deep a question of life or death, that we must face the duty of making our own way through it, always bearing in mind that if we lower our standard there we cannot uphold it in religion or politics."

This is taking history seriously. It is quite comprehensible in so far as it means that if we learn to excuse bad conduct and bad character and bad measures in history we will learn to excuse them in contemporary life.

Lord Acton, who, it will be remembered, is the first Roman Catholic to hold a professorship in modern times at either of the chief English universities, is praised for his impartiality in dealing with such historical facts and figures as the Reformation and Luther. As a man he is a Roman Catholic, but as a professor he shows himself to be a historian.

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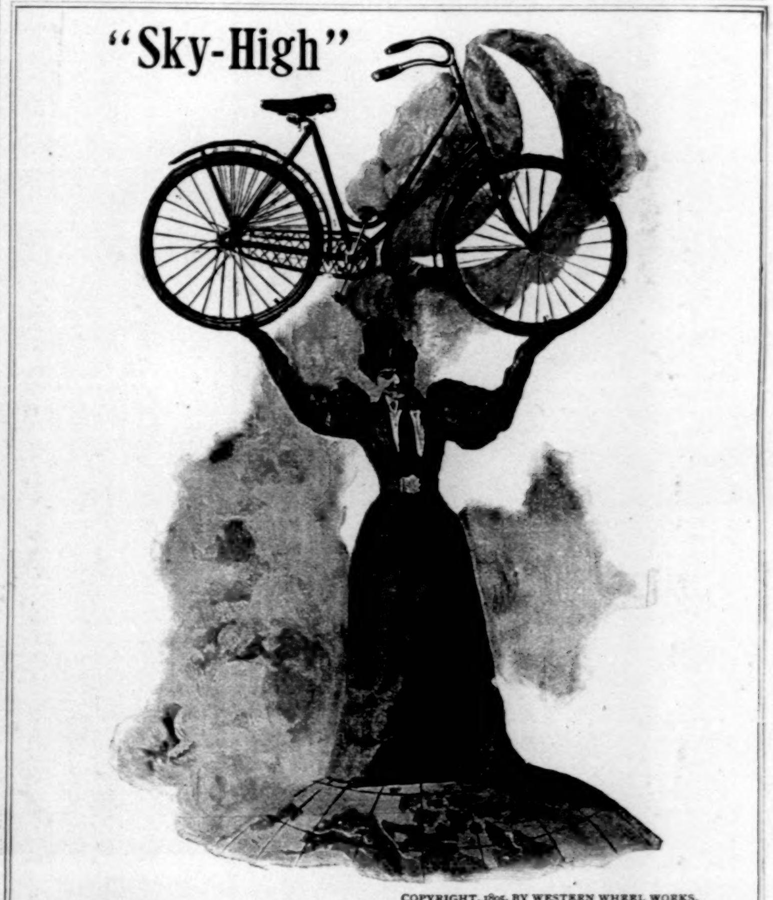

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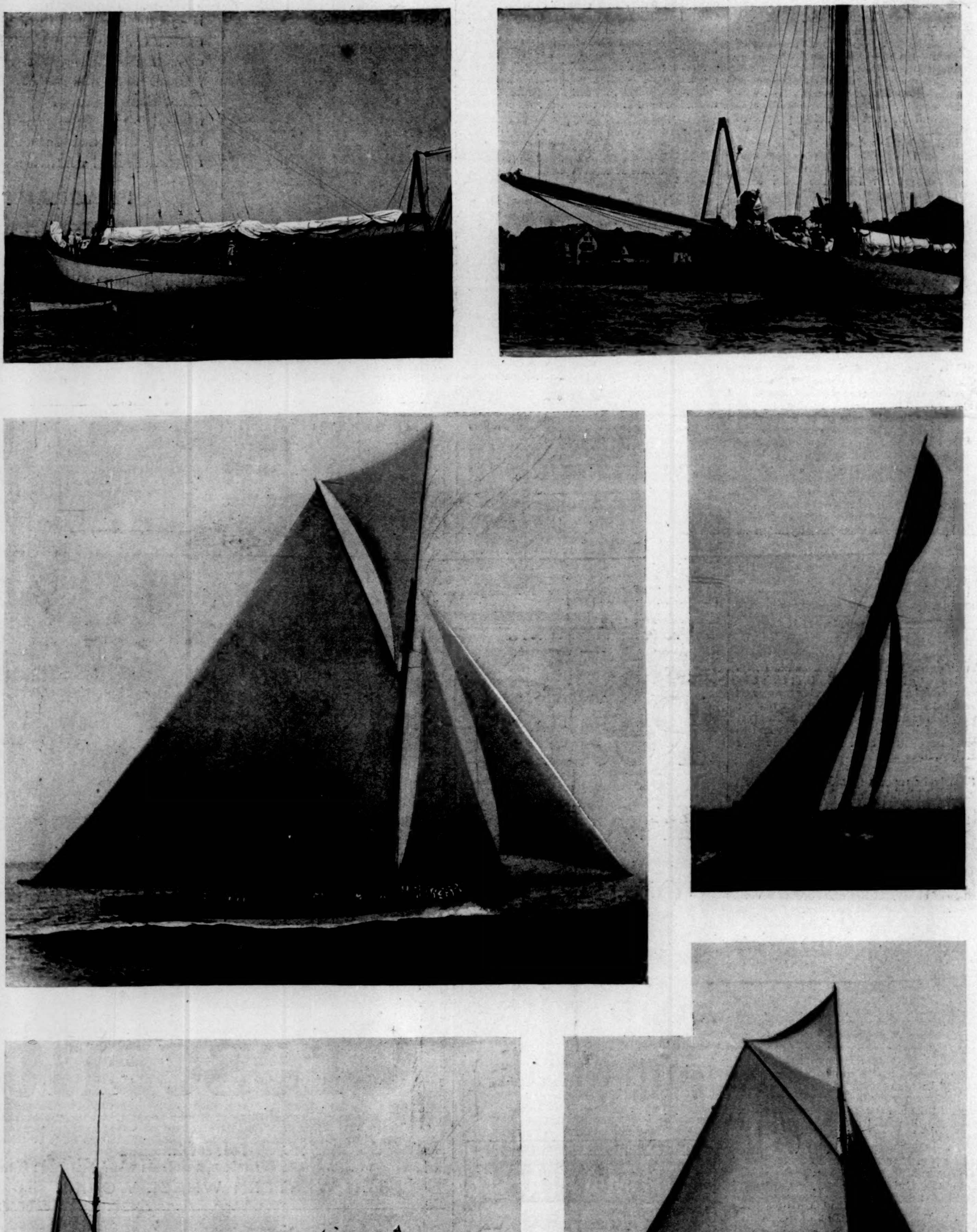
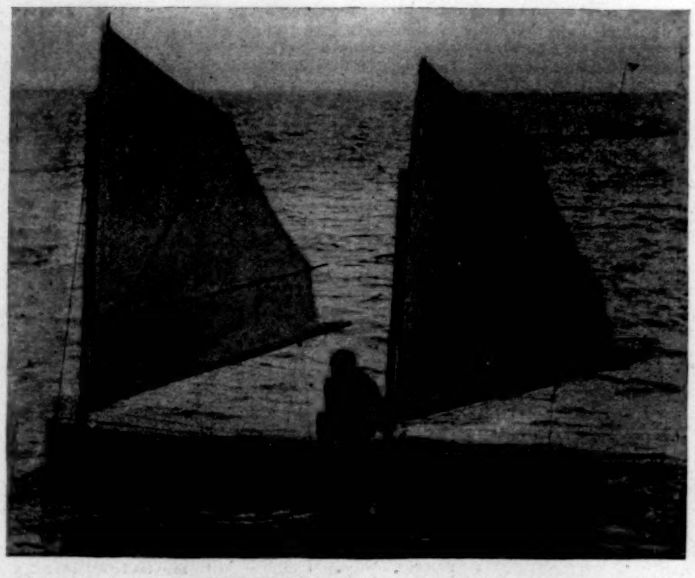
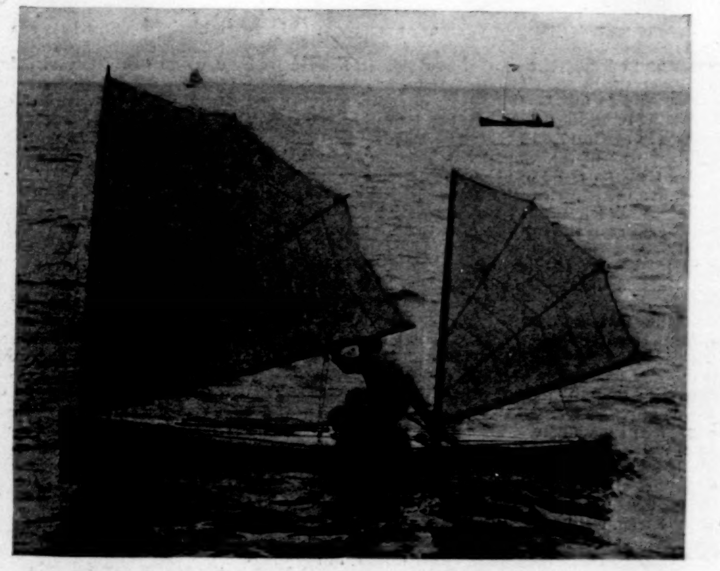


VIEWS OF "DEFENDER" ON HER TRIAL TRIPS.—[See "Amateur Sport."]



BUTLER STARTING ON "WASP."



ARCHBALD STARTING ON "MAB."

# AMATEUR SPORT

THAT THE CORNELL EIGHT LOST ITS RACE at Henley is of some concern to a few of us; that it should have failed to instantly take a sportsmanlike attitude on the conclusion of its heat with the Leander crew is of much concern to every one of us. The loss of the race has slight bearing other than as a comparative basis for two styles of rowing and two sets of oarsmen; but the lost opportunity of showing sportsmanship reflects, and is reflected by the British press, upon Americans generally.

PAUL BUTLER AND "WASP."

IT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW that more than any other feature distinguishes amateur from professional sport—the spirit which, in harmony with the letter, may always be interpreted for the maintenance of good-fellowship and unimpeachable sportsmanship. It was the spirit that prompted Columbia and Cornell last month, on the Hudson, to give Pennsylvania two days' grace in which to repair their shell that had been damaged while preparing for the start. It is the spirit which invariably suggests the disgrace attached to one gentleman taking advantage of another—the spirit, indeed, is the sportsman's conscience. I have always known the sporting instinct to be more universal in England than in America, but I did not believe American university men would be found wanting in sportsmanship; it grieves me to have that faith shaken by Cornell.

I do not propose to mince words in my comment on this incident. I mean to record it here in black and white, though it wounds my Americanism to do so, that Cornell's failure to renounce her claim to that walk-over heat was a most unfortunate, most deplorable lack of sportsmanship. I believe their failure to do so was due more to their training than to natural instinct. I am sure the same criticism can be applied to seventy-five per cent. of our schools and colleges. That is why I am writing so much on the subject. The average American boy of gentle birth is a sportsman at heart. He wants a fair fight and no favor. He would be the last one to take or even claim a race in which his opponent had, from one cause or another, been incapacitated at the start. If my wanderings over the United States and residence in half a dozen different sections have given me any knowledge, I say emphatically that the average native-born American, before he has entered college, and after he has outgrown its prejudices, does not want a "walk-over."

DURING HIS FOUR YEARS of college athletic training, however, the little sportsman often develops into the scheming athlete who secretly rejoices at any accident to his opponent that operates to his own advantage, and has no objection to "walk-overs." I do not say this is so invariably, but I do maintain it to be true too frequently. Now by what process does the boy reach this development? Simply by the training in and "management" of athletics as conducted at very nearly every institution that counts itself athletic. His boyish impressions are turned topsy-turvy; he learns he is not playing football or baseball or rowing for sport, but primarily to beat some other college team or crew, and that he must win is the first and last and daily admonition of his "trainer." His lessons in sportsmanship are entirely intuitive. This part of his athletic education is altogether ignored by his trainers, coachers, and the athletic busybodies of the college. On the contrary, he is often advised to "do" his man in football and pocket a rival college man in bicycle and foot racing. When, therefore, a crew of boys graduated from this athletic school is confronted by such a situation as that obtaining in the race for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley last week, what are they nine times out of ten most likely to do? Precisely what Cornell did; whereas the boys who had been taught that sportsmanship was the first consideration, and mere winning the second, would have acted as St. John's of Oxford did the next day, when, with a lead of two lengths, the crew stopped to go back for another start because Eton, their opponent, had caught a crab and an unfair start. They did not want to win on account of an undue advantage they secured at the start; they wanted a fair race, even though it meant defeat for them, as it in fact did. And the story of St. John's sportsmanship will be remembered in England long after Eton's victory has been forgotten!

WHETHER CORNELL WAS RIGHT IN ROWING over the course no one should make judgment without having all the facts in hand or having been a witness of just how far ahead Cornell got before the umpire's boat began to follow. If it was patent to Cornell that Leander made no start, and the umpire's boat hung behind, then the Cornell cockswain should have commanded, "Let her run," and returned for a second start; if the umpire's boat followed on, Cornell was entirely right in spirit and in letter in rowing over the course. Once having rowed over the course, however, and learned the cause of Leander's not starting, Cornell should have declined to accept the heat that threw out a crew regarded as the most formidable at Henley, and the holder of the cup for which they were racing. There was no other course possible for gentlemen, and the action would have been instinctive with sportsmen. Why Cornell's managers, advisers, and *alumni* did not insist on such a course, even if the crew were unwilling, is incomprehensible. I have no doubt the Cornell crew believed they could defeat any other crew entered for the cup, and that, having won, they intended challenging Leander for a decisive race before accepting the cup. But that is discounting good intentions, and is not current with the general public. They failed to show such intentions at the time when they should have exhibited them, and they did show instead the professional tendency, which accepts advantage gained by the accidents of opponents. It is something that cannot be explained, and if the Cornell men are wise, they will not attempt to do so. Certain it is they have received a lesson in sportsmanship which they and all American college athletes will not forget. That is something to rejoice over. If parents will demand of college faculties that the athletic education of their sons be along the lines of sport for sport's sake, rather than sport for the sake of winning, it will mean much more for our university sportsmanship, which to-day is inferior to that of Oxford and Cambridge.

SO FAR AS CORNELL'S ACTUAL ROWING is concerned (and of course comment can be made only on the race against Trinity Hall, in the second heat for the Grand Challenge Cup), according to despatches, it was quite equal to the Cornell standard. It was the short, choppy stroke Courtney had taught the crew, and which all professionals use, and so long as the men lasted they pulled with remarkable precision and marvellous rapidity. Cornell started with forty-six strokes to the minute, Trinity pulling forty-two. At the quarter-mile Cornell had a slight lead and reduced the stroke to forty-four; at the half-mile the lead had been increased to half a length. From this point, although still pulling forty-four to Trinity's thirty-eight, Cornell could not get away from the Cambridge men. For an eighth of a mile neither gained; the struggle was magnificent, each striving for the mastery. Suddenly the Cornell shell began to come back to Trinity, and at the three-quarter-mile post Cornell's lead had been reduced by half. The straining in the Cornell boat was intense, the rapid, short stroke killing; but the men kept at their work while Trinity closed up, and finally, at the mile, began to leave them; then there came an absolute collapse. Numbers three and five fanned the air in their frantic attempt to dig up the water, demoralization seized upon the entire crew, and Cornell's chance of winning the Grand Challenge Cup was lost. Meanwhile Trinity, pulling the same swinging stroke—thirty-eight times to the minute—crossed the line in handsome form and the winner—a performance that she repeated the following day, and thereby secured the Grand Challenge Cup.

THE COLLAPSE OF CORNELL has created some apparent wonderment on both sides of the Atlantic, but I fail to see anything extraordinary in the fact that several of the men should be exhausted. I have seen men in the pink of condition run themselves to a state of complete prostration in a quarter-mile; seen men remain unconscious for five minutes on the conclusion of such a race. A quarter-mile dash is not so hard on a man as a mile of Cornell's choppy 46-to-the-minute stroke. Therefore, that the Cornell crew should show signs of exhaustion after going to pieces is not remarkable. They slipped a cog, so to speak, in the machinery of their very machinelike rowing, and went to pieces.

It was not very plucky, however, for the crew to quit three hundred yards from the finish, and they might have spared us the theatrical demonstrations of exhaustion that recalled Courtney's antics when seized by the "property" cramps he seemed never to be without on race days.

ARCHBALD AND "MAB."

**Lessons in rowing this year** are numerous; Columbia administered one to Cornell on the Hudson, Yale one to Harvard on the Thames, and now Cornell has received another on the English Thames. Indeed, Cornell's lessons may be said to number four—one in sportsmanship, one on the inadvisability of employing a professional coach, and two in rowing itself.

To my way of thinking it has been very conclusively proved that the rapid-fire Courtney stroke is unequal to that which the experience of fifty years has gained for the leading English and American universities. I do not mean that the styles of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia are alike or exactly similar to that of Oxford and Cambridge, but I do mean their underlying principles are the same, however different the execution may be—a long stroke in the water, a recover deliberate enough to permit the men to recuperate in some degree from the severe effort of one stroke in time for that of the succeeding one, a good body swing, a powerful leg drive, and the absence of arm-work. In short, a stroke that provides for the maximum water-work with the minimum bodily exhaustion. Yale is the only one to have reached the English standard; the other two (indeed I may include Pennsylvania, and say the other three) are in process of evolution. The history of the Trinity Hall-Cornell trial heat is precisely what Mr. Chase Mellen has always maintained it would be in the event of Cornell meeting a good English crew—that they would take the lead, but be rowed down by the superior staying power of the English style, or "stroke," as style is sometimes called. The same results would follow, in my judgment, if Cornell and Yale crews should meet.

It is well worth remembering that the short choppy stroke has never won, other things being equal, against the longer or English style. The Yale four, in '76, won the International event at Philadelphia in that style, and the Columbia stroke was similar when its crew, in '78, won the Visitors' Challenge Cup at Henley.

No fault can be found with the individual Cornell men for becoming exhausted by the fearful strain their style imposed upon them. But I fancy many good sportsmen at Cornell will now manfully acknowledge that it is asking too much of human nature to expect it to withstand the strain Courtney's style involves upon a hard-pressed crew. Some will take solace in Cornell's successes in the past as proof that the style does not necessarily drive a crew to complete exhaustion, ignoring the fact that Cornell has confessedly not met crews her equal in physique or coaching. Pennsylvania, Cornell's chief rival, was until recently coached by a professional who knew as much about the correct principles of eight-oared rowing as a Hottentot. This year Cornell happened to meet crews which were well trained physically, knew how to row, and could push her. The result was inevitable. The way Hanlan's long sweeping stroke used to mow down Courtney's choppy little dashes at the water should have contained a warning to Cornell.

**But the lesson of the year** will not be lost on Cornell, I feel sure. There are too many good sportsmen there. Her athletic interests have made such rapid strides toward pre-eminence that they will see the folly of permitting prejudice to stand in the way of further advance. They must sooner or later recognize the fact, which all the other colleges have recognized, that professionals can never amalgamate with amateurs. The influence which the former almost imperceptibly exert over the latter is unfortunate. Professionals, no matter how worthy any individual one may be, can never appreciate nor understand the sportsmanship that should alone animate gentlemen. Their standards are entirely dissimilar. In spite of the sorry exhibition of his men at Henley, Courtney is a master of the art of training men physically, and probably knows more about rigging a boat than any oarsman in existence to-day.

Cornell will be wise therefore to utilize him in his proper sphere, where he will deservedly command respect, and appoint some one with a finer sense of sportsmanship and a more enlightened knowledge of the correct principles of eight-oared rowing to dominate Cornell's boating.

**Whether Umpire Willan's failure** to call back Cornell for a fresh start was due to his not hearing Leander's "not ready," or to excess of sportsmanship towards the visitors, Mr. Willan alone can enlighten us; in either case, however, he committed a gross injustice upon Leander. Instantly he saw Leander had no start his only course was to recall Cornell. I have no doubt had it been an English crew he would not have hesitated, but from a personal knowledge of Mr. Willan, I fear his admiration for the pluck of a crew that had come so far to row, and his great wish that the strangers have a "fair show," prompted him to be more awake to the interests of the visitors than to those of his own club crew.

Which brings me, by-the-way, to the very unpleasant criticisms I have read in English sporting and American general newspapers anent this race—the English sneering at American methods and sportsmanship generally, and the American deploring the want of courtesy and sportsmanship on the other side as represented by the sporting press. The daily sporting press of England does not represent the sportsmanship of England. The tone of the daily sporting papers, as a rule, is low, and its animus vicious. It caters chiefly to that very large sporting element in England of which we have no corresponding class, unless it be that which formerly made Guttenburg. The sporting departments in most of the London daily papers are very little better. It particularly impressed me while on my "Pilgrimage." It seemed strange such a sporting nation should be so illy represented in the daily press. We can place no dependence whatsoever on most of the despatches. We can, however, feel assured that Cornell was not ungenerously treated by the club and university men, or by the English sportsmen at large. I am as pronounced an American as any one reading this department, but I wish to print here and have it remembered by every reader that the average English gentleman is a sportsman to the backbone, and that we need never fear for the treatment of our athletes on British soil, nor be misled by the vicious attacks of the London daily sporting press any more than we are by occasional similar outbreaks in the sporting departments of some of our own ignorant and low-toned "dreadfuls."

**Through Cambridge not insisting** on two particulars that were well within their right, and certainly to their advantage, it looks now as though we should have a track-athletic meeting between Cambridge and Yale this autumn. Cambridge's official letter to the Yale captain is a pattern of sportsmanship I wish our own universities would follow in their athletic communications. They readily abandon all idea of the three-mile run "in deference to Yale's wishes," and although October 5th will be a great inconvenience to them, still, rather than have the meeting hitch on that obstacle, they will do their utmost to secure permission to remain here for that time. They ask Yale, however, to set an earlier date, if possible. What clean-cut, sportsmanly sentiments! so different from the haggling we see at home when each college is sticking out for some trifle on which it professes to believe much of its chances for success depends. Yale should not permit Cambridge to outdo her in sportsmanship. She ought to agree at once to an advance of the date into September. What difference does it make whether there is an open Saturday afternoon? College-men will attend on Thursday as readily as Saturday. But then, of course, there would not be such a gate as on a Saturday, and we American college-men—not all of us—do so dearly love a big gate—more the shame on our sportsmanship. At all events, Cambridge has accepted Yale's challenge, and the two universities are at present in correspondence arranging details of the proposed meeting.

**Canoe-racing has suffered** a temporary decline in the past three years, but signs of a revival are showing. Canoeing—cruising, sailing, and paddling for pleasure and recreation—goes on forever, and those devoted to it are yearly increasing in numbers.

The races of the Marine and Field Club on June 29th and the International Cup contests the following week proved the racing spirit not dead even here in the East.

In the West more interest has been manifested, but here in the East, racing especially lost in popularity, because "to win" had grown to cost so much in time and money that few could afford the outlay. In other words, in the modern evolution of the racing canoe the sport became confined to the very few that could afford the expense demanded. These conditions still exist, but racing has changed in character.

It has been found that in a large fleet starting over a short course luck is a greater factor than skill. The forty or more canoes sailing over a one-and-a-half-mile triangle at the A.C.A. meets a few years ago made a very pretty picture from shore, but the sailing as a test of boats or men amounted to nothing. Even the Trophy races, limited to fifteen contestants over the same half-mile-leg course, were very far from being satisfactory from the point of view of pure sport.

**The duel is the battle royal.** The champion who has come to the front in the club and local regattas meets the champion from a distance, and a tussle between giants ensues. The issue is clearly defined; the interest in the event is concentrated, and luck is eliminated. It is win or lose, with no honors for second place.

These are a few of the reasons why so much interest has always attached to the races for the New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup. Besides which the nine-mile course is long enough to give a thorough test of the sailing qualities of men and canoes, and the time taken to cover the distance sufficient to insure some variety in wind and weather.

The racing at the A.C.A. annual meets must, of course, be open to all comers, and from five to twenty canoes are likely to start in the various events. The results of these races would be far more satisfactory and a more trustworthy indication of the actual merits of the men and models if the legs of the triangular course could be made a full mile at the very least. The total distances need not be increased; that is, six miles (twice around) would be the Trophy course, and the other minor events could be either three or six miles, according to the strength of wind or the size of the fleet.

**The racing sailing canoe** has not changed in any important feature in the last few years. *Wasp*, Paul Butler's canoe, with which he has just succeeded in defending the International Cup, was built in 1888, and appeared at the A.C.A. meet in 1889. Since then he has built a number of canoes, none of them superior to *Wasp*. The sail area has been increased and the length of the sliding seat, and many minor improvements in rig and fittings have been made, but no radical changes have even suggested themselves. The fact is the extreme was touched three years ago. The sliding seat has reached its limit when a man can have the full length of his body out of the boat, his toes just touching the deck or side; and the sail area is restricted to the spread a man can carry safely by using such a seat.

*Mab*, the canoe sailed by the Canadian Archbald for the cup, like *Wasp*, has won the A.C.A. Trophy, and is not a new boat, having been first sailed at the A.C.A. meet on Lake Champlain in 1894. These two boats may be fairly considered as representing the best that has been produced up to date. *Wasp* is a round-bodied, flat-floored canoe, with a hoisting rig of about 160 square feet. *Mab* has dead rise (a V section), and is rigged with standing sails. These are the two types that have existed for years, and the best is not yet.

**There were a few points** about the recent canoe-racing that are well worth recording, apart from the naming of the winners. The weather was bad. What have become known as Marine and Field day squalls threatened all the time, rain fell, and the wind shifted over twenty points. *Mab* won the morning sailing race, and *V*, sailed by Gray of Lowell, won both the afternoon races, due partly to his excellent starts in every event. The starting, as a rule, was very poor, some of the men losing a minute or more before crossing. This was not necessary, as there were only six or eight boats entered, and the starting-line was a long one, giving plenty of room for all to get over within ten seconds.

The three-mile triangle, sailed over twice, proved to be very fair for all, even when it was necessary to start on a reach. The canoes got far enough apart before the first turn to avoid any chance of fouling.

The starts in the cup races on the 4th, 5th, and 6th were much better, Butler in every case crossing the line within five seconds of the gun, and Archbald close after him. *Wasp* won the first race with over three minutes to spare.

The second race was won by *Mab* on the roughest water and in the hardest wind that ever accompanied a canoe race of equal length. It was a wonderful exhibition of pluck, good seamanship, and the virtues of a racing canoe. The race was very close up to the second buoy on the second round, when an accident befell Butler's steering-gear, and he was obliged to drop out.

The third race was sailed in a light wind and smooth water, and Butler won easily.

The first race was the quickest, the nine miles being sailed in a little over one hour and seventeen minutes.

**The trials "Defender" has had** thus far have created an opinion among yachtsmen such as seldom is exploited so early in the day of a new yacht's sailing. Certainly her work against *Colonia* would stamp *Defender* as the fastest light-weather boat that has ever raced in American waters. To have outfooted *Colonia* is more than *Vigilant* could do when the two met a couple of years ago. To have outpointed *Colonia* is not remarkable; most any first-class yacht could do that. Still, to have beaten *Colonia* three minutes in a run of five miles is an indication of *Defender's* great speed, though it must not be forgotten that *Colonia* may not be at her best; her bottom, in fact, is said to be foul. Whether her speed may or may not, as compared with *Colonia*, be considered trustworthy, *Defender's* performances have shown beyond doubt that she is the easiest boat in the water we have ever had, makes less fuss—in fact, she leaves no stern wave at all, and the quickest in stays. She has sailed in no good strong breezes yet, but in such airs as she has experienced no indication of tenderness was seen. Quite the contrary, she has stood up so stanchly it is proposed to lengthen her boom to 105 feet and increase her sail spread proportionately. *Defender's* canvas area, it is approximated, will be: mainsail, 7000 square feet; topsail, 1325; foresail, 1500; jib, 1450—total, 11,275 square feet. This is several hundred more square feet than *Vigilant* carries with a 103-foot boom. *Defender's* mast is higher than *Vigilant's* some four feet, necessitated by the changed shape of sail, which has greater incline of peak.

**Really we shall not know** very much upon which we can depend about *Defender's* capability until she has met *Vigilant*. There is continual talk of their meeting day by day; but the chances are there will be no actual contest until July 20th, when they are to come together in the New York Yacht Club's race. Then we shall know something definite—for *Vigilant* has been thoroughly overhauled, has new and increased sail spread, and is as fit to race, and undoubtedly faster than when she defended the *America's* cup.

It is to be hoped General Paine will enter *Jubilee* for the race on the 20th. I want to see *Jubilee* perform when nothing breaks down, and the breeze is a whole-sail one. I have always believed her very close to *Vigilant*, as they were. Now that both have been changed, a race between them will be exceedingly interesting.

*Valkyrie* (I intend dropping the III. every time this yacht is currently mentioned here—there is only one yacht of the name afloat to-day) is about to be, if not already, hauled out, preparing for her Atlantic voyage.

**The League of American Wheelmen's** attitude towards professional racing is quite the most recent and most important incident of the Asbury Park meet. The L.A.W., through its Racing Board, officially declares its recognition of and intention to govern professionals—a decision determined upon after a conference between the Board of Trade and the L.A.W. officials. The Board of Trade is made up of the bicycle manufacturers; it is the power behind the throne—in fact, the throne is not mighty enough to keep the power in the background. The L.A.W., so far as racing is concerned, is the tool of the manufacturers; its officials do the bidding of the trade, and apparently they do not dare to act otherwise. I have always been opposed to the government of amateur and professionals by one body. I am quite as convinced now as ever that such a combination means death to one or the other—possibly to both. If the L.A.W. stood alone for the interest of amateur sport, its officials would think with me; but as they pose principally for the interest of the manufacturers, naturally their legislation is turned in the direction where the greatest number of wheels are to be sold.

**It is folly to plead** the purity of the sport as an excuse for their persistently cleaving to the professional. It is a long time since there has been any pure amateur racing under the L.A.W., except on unimportant and out-of-the-way tracks. If the L.A.W. would confine its interest to *bona fide* amateur racing, and allow another organization to govern professionalism, it would really do some good for the sport. But the possible birth of an association to govern professional racing seems to have been one of the strongest incentives the L.A.W. had to extend its present scope. It appears anxious to control everything connected with cycling. The manufacturers are short-sighted. They believe the present course they have mapped out for the L. A. W. is to their advantage. They are mistaken, as a couple of years will prove. No single organization can maintain three distinct classes of racing, and from a different point of view sustain the interest in each; there is such a thing as having too many irons in the fire, and the L. A. W. and Board of Trade will learn the truth of that ancient truism some day. Meanwhile what is the alleged status of Class B, which is already professional in all but name? It is time at least the L.A.W. called a spade a spade; it has fostered the most unwholesome kind of professionalism in Class B long enough.

**The lawn-tennis play** of the past ten days may be said to have been notable chiefly for its accentuation of Malcolm Chace's excellent form. All things considered, Chace has made quite the best record thus far this season of the first ten players. He has met and beaten Hovey, Larned, and Hobart (the last-named retiring exhausted before the second set was concluded), and sustained defeat by the Irish players Pim and Mahoney, in the Neighborhood Club Tournament. His best showing was probably in the Tuxedo Club Tournament, when he successfully defended the cup he held against Larned, whom he defeated in straight sets. The surprise of the Tuxedo Tournament was Paret's defeat of Foote, and indeed quite the most interesting play of that week was furnished by the second-class men. Larned's play has been very erratic, though it improved in the Canadian Championships, where he successively beat Foote, and in the championships final the Canadian champion Matthews—6-2, 6-2, 8-6. Larned needs a lot of work to put him in proper shape.

Caspar W. Whitney.

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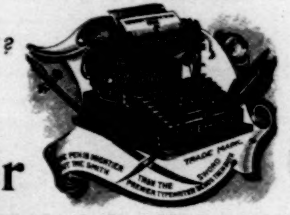

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